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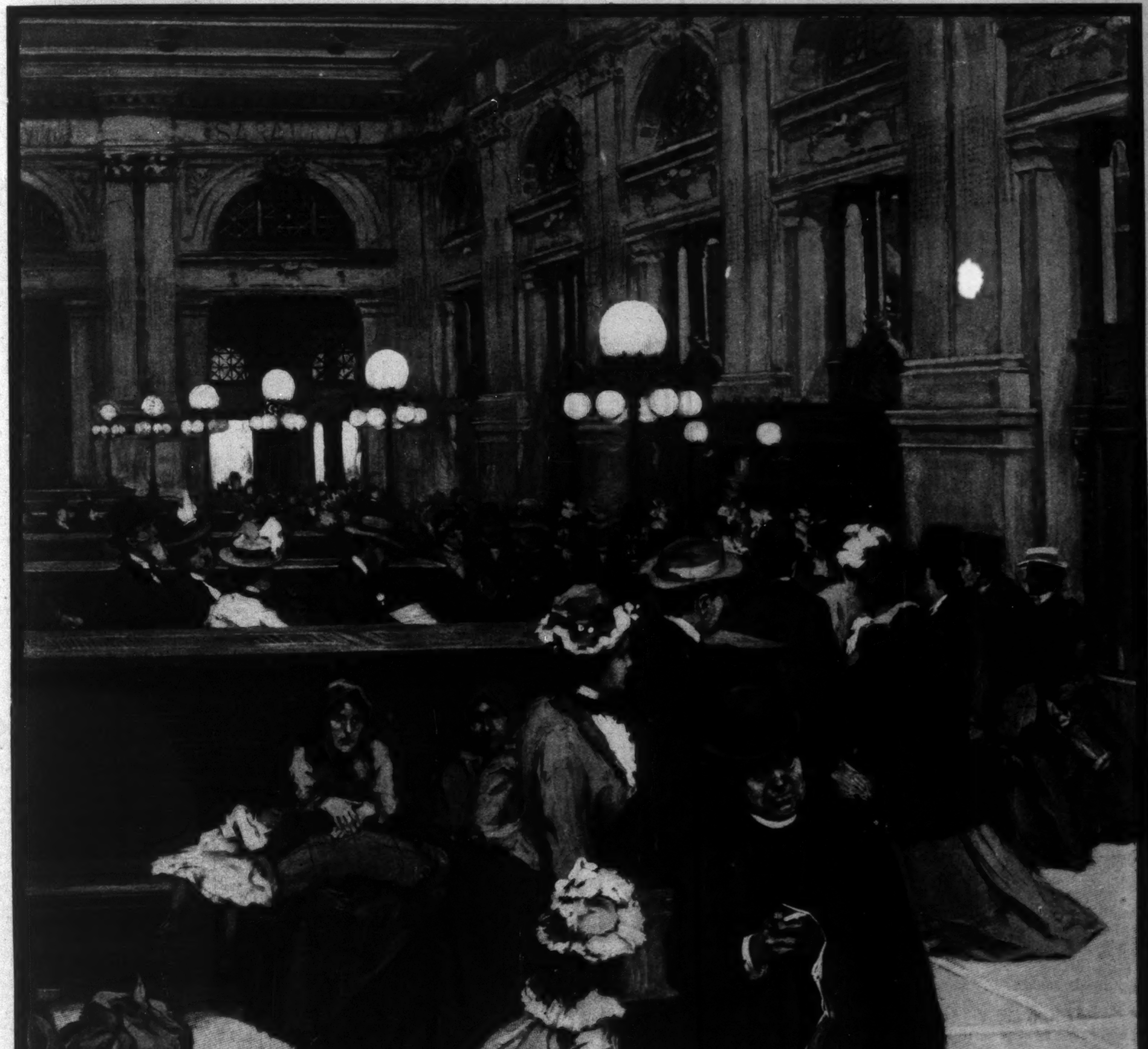
A Journal of Civilization

NEW YORK NOVEMBER 17:1900



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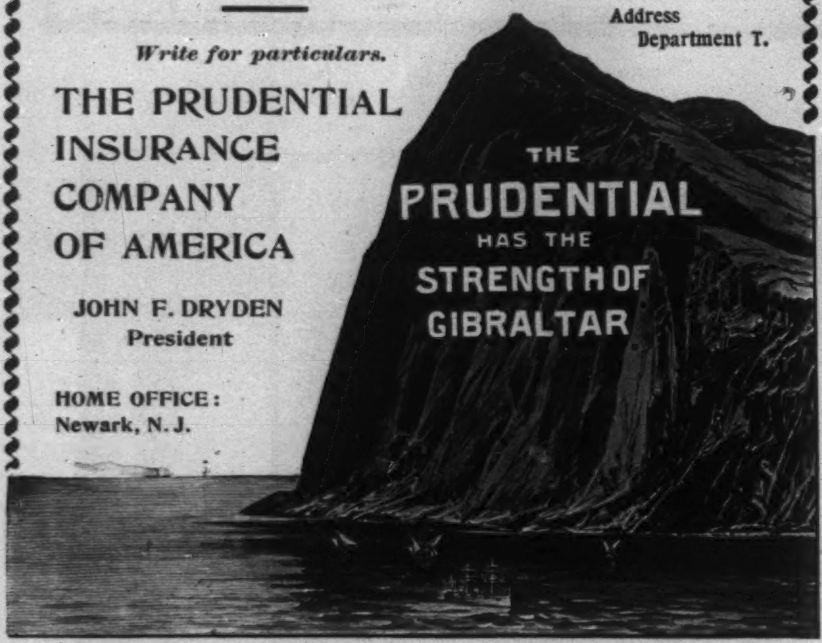

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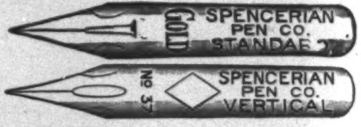

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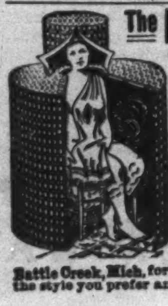

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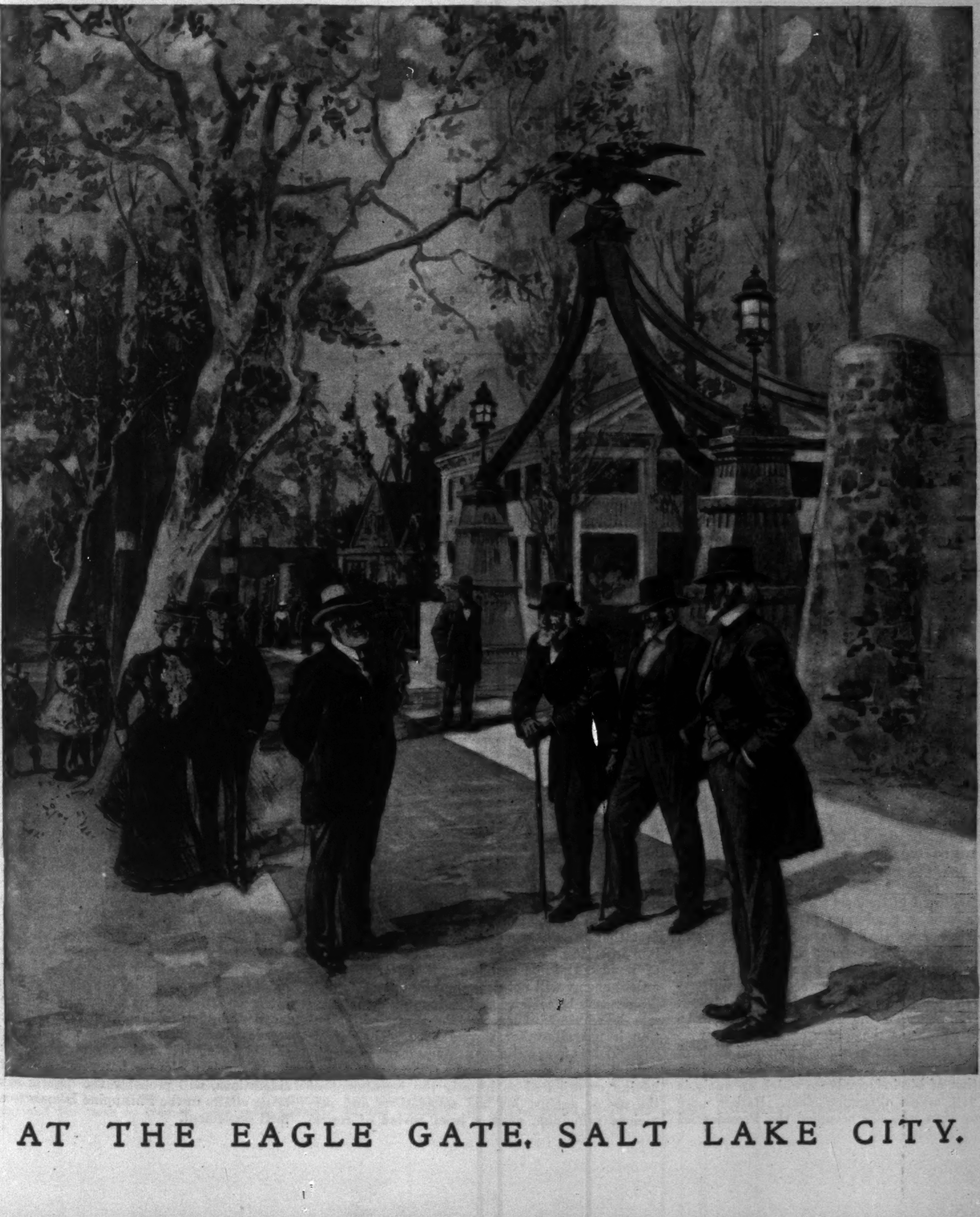

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TWENTY-FOUR PAGES
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The President-Elect

PRESIDENT McKINLEY is to-day the most enviable of men, and if he goes his way with a beaming face that dims the effulgent glory of the mid-day sun, no man lives who may properly blame him for so doing. To have secured the overwhelming endorsement of the American people, which came to him at the polls on the 6th of November, is an achievement and a compliment of which he may well be proud. No other Executive since President Grant has been similarly honored, the nearest approach to it being the second election of Mr. Cleveland, after an intervening period of four years of retirement. Mr. Cleveland's triumph was rather a personal than an official one, since, having been out of office during President Harrison's administration, he had no immediate official performance upon which to go before the people. In Mr. McKinley's case the victory involves much of both. It is a personal triumph as well as an official one, for many of those who voted for him with great reluctance four years ago did so this year with an alacrity born of a newly acquired confidence in the man himself, a constantly growing respect for his dignified demeanor in all his relations in life, public and private, emphasized by his bearing during the campaign, and positive admiration for the qualities of statesmanship which he has unquestionably developed in the four stressful years of his occupancy of the White House.

All the weaknesses and fallacies of Bryanism aside, it is a fortunate thing that the election has resulted as it has. It would have been a pity if the tried and faithful servants of the people had been turned out of office with their work still far short of its full fruition, after having conducted the affairs of the nation since 1897 so admirably, with such wholesome vigor, and with such a high degree of wisdom. Even had Mr. Bryan been stronger, and his supporters less open to criticism, and his platform less defiant of those principles which appeal to the conservative mind, in view of all the perplexities which have confronted the Administration and the sagacity with which the problems thereby presented have been met, it would have been an act of great injustice, if not of base ingratitude, to have denied to the President the satisfaction and the reward of a re-election to the office he has filled so well.

A further cause for self-congratulation Mr. McKinley will find in the opportunity which the tremendous vote of confidence just recorded places within his reach. He knows now what he could not be wholly sure of before: that the American people believe in him and propose to stand by him in the pursuit of such policies of the Administration as he in his wisdom may elect to follow. Strong Republican as he is, he is no longer to be regarded merely as the leader of his party or as the pliant instrument of those who stand high in its councils. His certificate of re-election is a declaration of his independence which an analysis of his vote makes altogether clear. Rather more than any man who has occupied the Presidential office in our day and generation may Mr. McKinley regard himself as holding his commission from the people irrespective of partisan bias, instead of from a party organization, and we incline to the opinion that no one more clearly recognizes this fact than Mr. McKinley himself. His supporters were men of many and widely differing political creeds, united in his cause against a common foe, and for that reason the President has a national rather than a party mandate, which places him in a position of commanding power and influence for good. That he will grasp the opportunities presented by this fortunate circumstance, and will give to the affairs of the nation for the four years to come the faithful attention and intelligent direction which the complications ahead of us require, the experience of the past gives us the right to predict with confidence.

The Vice-President-Elect

ANOTHER gentleman who has reason to smile so that his historic teeth will show unanimously is the Hon. Theodore Roosevelt. It is hardly necessary for us to say that we hold Governor Roosevelt in the highest esteem, but we must admit that throughout the campaign we have watched his course with much fearsome interest. We are not aware if the Governor has ever been duplicated in the history of the human race, except possibly in the case of Samson, and while we have always had the utmost confidence in his sincerity and judgment, we could not quite assure ourselves that at some time or another he would not tug so strenuously at some particular campaign pillar as to bring the whole structure clattering down into chaos. It takes an unusually strong man to make such a tour as was made by the Governor in the last sixty days of the conflict, giving voice to from three to nine speeches a day, without somewhere in an unguarded moment putting his foot in it. Especially difficult is it to one given to plain speaking and pure unadulterated candor to differentiate between the things he should say and the things he would like to say but would better not. That the Vice-President-elect has withstood the trying ordeal so well, and has kept his foot in the right place as well as his heart, is a matter for which he and we must all feel profoundly grateful. We congratulate him most heartily upon the new distinction which has come to him, and we shall look forward with much interest now to this masterful individual's course in the new office for which he has been chosen. It will not be a case of a lion among lambs precisely, for however leonine may be the qualities of the Vice-President to be, there are not many lambs in the Senate. Perhaps his position will be more like a lion at bay when he finds himself in the chair of the President of the Senate, with a number of strong men, accustomed to having their own way, to be kept in a state of orderly subjection. Whatever he may turn out to be eventually, however, as a presiding officer we have little doubt that he will impart to his office certain qualities of energy and influence which it has hitherto somehow seemed to lack. It may be that a Corliss engine can operate the delicate machinery of a stop-watch with as much success as the more easily broken hair-spring to which we are more accustomed.

Mr. Bryan and Mr. Stevenson

AS for the gentlemen who have gone down into defeat, we honestly think that they too are to be congratulated, although as yet they may not be able to see it in exactly the same light. Mr. Stevenson at his advanced time of life will find the air and restful qualities of Bloomington, Illinois, far more to his taste than the rigors of the Washington climate, made more difficult to withstand by the vexatious duties of the Vice-Presidency; and if Mr. Bryan can only take to heart the lessons of the two campaigns in which he has been so interesting a figure, and benefit by the teachings of his repeated defeats, he will ultimately come out of his experience a stronger and a better man. As we have regarded Mr. Bryan's career, we think he has cause to find pleasure in the fact that a great many thousands of people like him in spite of his "friends." That he is a man of wonderful force and inherent power his most ardent enemy will not deny, and that some day his powers may be so developed and matured that they may be of vital influence in the affairs of the nation is not altogether beyond hope. The defeated candidate is as yet a very young man, as men in public life go, and it is reasonable to expect that having experienced so bitterly the resentment of the people against his bad associations and pernicious principles, after a brief period of retirement passed in reflection and self-study he may yet again emerge into public life, his fine qualities developed to the full, his weaknesses crushed out, a figure worthy of confidence and therefore of leadership. We incline to the opinion that if Mr. Bryan makes the most of his recent experiences he will be a happier man at the age of fifty than he would have been had he been elected President of the United States on November 6, charged with the awful responsibility of putting his principles into operation, and of holding his dreadfully mixed and thirsty following in subjection.

A Peaceful Battle

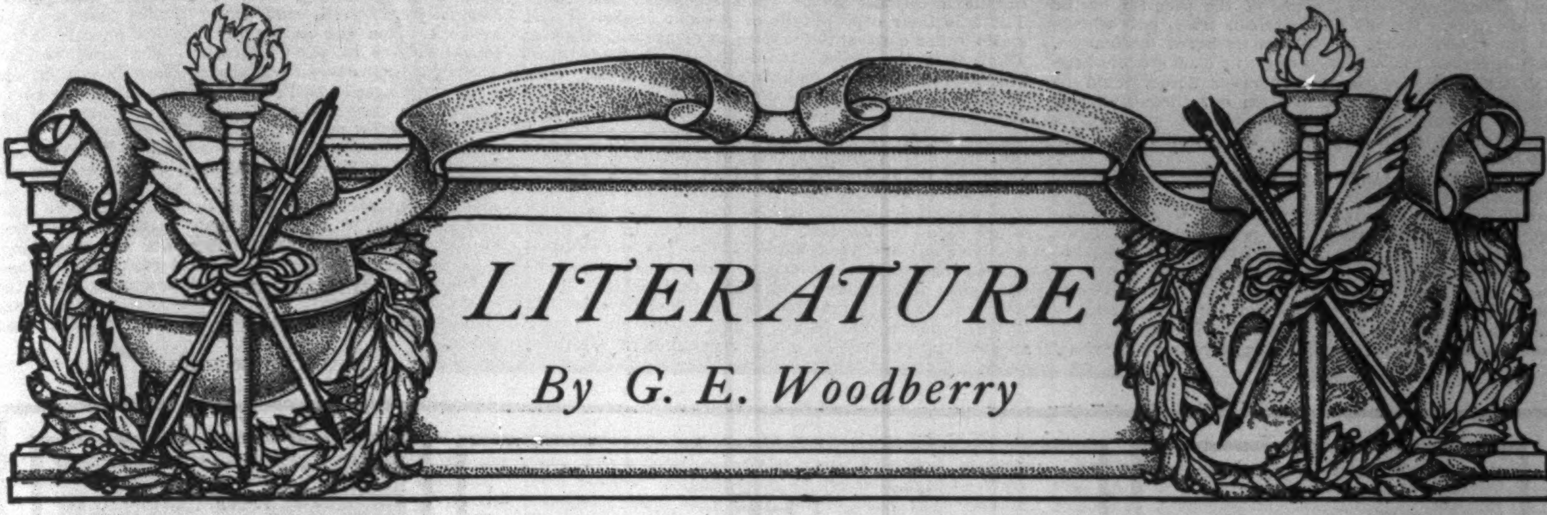
ONE of the most edifying features of the election was the peaceful manner in which the day passed, and the quick and good-natured acceptance of the inevitable by the thousands of disappointed people who thronged the streets awaiting the returns. Reports from all over the country indicate that that fine good-nature which is one of the most remarkable qualities of the American crowd was no less in evidence this year than it has been in the past. Party passions and resentments of all kinds were forgotten in the face of the verdict of the people, and crowd after crowd of shouting Bryanites in the twinkling of an eye were found as vociferously cheering the President-elect. It may be doubted if New York city ever presented so extraordinary a spectacle as upon the night of election day, and in view of the fact that the city was far from being what Mr. Bryan once called it, "the enemy's country," the jubilation of the throngs, and the almost entire absence of disorder and conflict, were most remarkable. A day whose dawning some anxious persons looked forward to with dread turned out to be one of the most peaceful and orderly in our history, and great credit is due to all, authorities and people alike, that upon so momentous an occasion, and after a period of agitation which bade fair to arouse some of the most strenuous passions of men, all went as well as if the occasion were a festival and not a desperate battle between two great opposing forces. Issues were no more. Gold and silver entered into the minds of none. Imperialism was forgotten. Not a man, woman, or child gave any evidence of that awful apprehension which the dawning of an era of empire and of forts close to the big cities for the oppression of the people would have justified. Everywhere there was a note of jubilation, and a thrill of patriotism that boded well for the temper of the American people.

We think it doubtful if any other people on the face of the earth could have gone through such a period without serious manifestations of disorder and conflict.

As to Aguinaldo

SOME one should see to it that a full report of the election returns is sent to the Hon. Emilio Aguinaldo, of the Philippine Islands—his exact address is unknown to us. With this should be sent a statement of the significance of the verdict just rendered by the jury. We think he will find it to his advantage to take in the full import of that verdict in so far as it relates to him and to his individual fortunes. It should not take him long to discover that the great-hearted, easy-going American people do not propose, because they are great-hearted and easy-going, to have their authority questioned or their responsibilities ignored. He will learn that the freer the people the more insistent do they become upon the preservation of law and order, and that we do not to any considerable degree in this country countenance rebellion against the accredited authorities. If the Tagal chief is a sensible man, and will accept the inevitable at once, he will take the longest stride toward securing real and lasting liberty for his people that he has yet taken. If, on the other hand, he continues defiant in the face of the stern message of the voters of this land on Tuesday of last week, he should be made to feel the iron hand of justice, and be given to understand that whatever may ultimately come to his people, his own personal liberty is something he must shortly lose, and forever. From this time on every hour of delay in the submission of the Philippine rebels should add to the rigor with which their leader should be punished. He may no longer claim to be misguided as to our intentions in so far as these relate to the particular work he has in hand, and unless he peacefully recedes from his untenable position his shrift should be short! The Administration, now that its policy is no longer hampered by political considerations, will probably use drastic measures to bring affairs in the Philippine Islands to a full and final settlement.

A CENTURY OF ACHIEVEMENT



LITERATURE

By G. E. Woodberry

IF it were true, according to the old saying which is by some reputed wise, that the nation is happiest which has no history, the same maxim might hold of a people without a literature; for literature in its great forms is in some sort connected with times of national stress and upheaval, and genius which is its medium is made active by a similar unrest and excitement in itself. The secondary character of American literature in its first century, its inferiority in mass and quality to the contemporary production of England and France, is everywhere acknowledged; and the youthfulness of our national life, our absorption in material and professional pursuits, in subduing nature and applying self-government and developing economic and social relations, and generally in finding ourselves, which is the business of youth, besides many other similar considerations, are alleged as concurrent causes of this delayed and incomplete success in literary creation. In any exposition of our national achievements of this century the fine arts, and among them literature, would occupy a small corner in comparative importance when set in competition with the general results of our total human labor. Perhaps one reason for this, as good as any of those just summarized, is the prosperity, the usually regular and free movement of development—in a word, the happiness of the people; the general peace, the absence of revolt, of sudden and profound change in ideal ends, of revolutionary aspiration, of all that makes for desperate battle and deep desire in the spirit of man. Great as our political and social growth has been, powerful and broad as the forces of humanity and freedom have shown themselves, and deepening down with wider inclusions among the whole body-politic, the marvellous thing has been the gentleness of the process on the whole; only one principle was "rained in blood," and the dawn, save for that, was without the traditional "thunder-peal" of a new age. And what is true of national life has been similarly the case with individual genius; our men of letters, taken together, have been men of quietness.

The great European movement of the century in literature, on the other hand, was that romanticism which was the blossoming bower where the blood of the Revolution was turned to forms of beauty and passion and marvel; its leaders were restlessly alive, and remote as their work in imagination and intellect and sentiment might be from anything obtusely political or social, verse and prose alike were fed from careers of moral, intellectual, emotional strife, from a movement in the minds of men seeking new gods and revealing new gospels in every part of man's and nature's life. It is a vain task to look for anything corresponding to this in the literature of our era of good feeling, though as we were an intellectually dependent and colonial-minded people and importers of literary fashions, some traces of the romantic evolution may be found in our earlier books; but these are truly "naught," if the scale of the century be applied to them. The early American romance with which our imaginative prose began, however interesting to ourselves historically and to a literary student as an illustration of taste, was an offshoot of the operatic and sentimental tale, the wonder novel and its congeners in the radical school, and was secondary to the works of Mrs. Radcliffe, Godwin, and Lewis. Charles Brockden Brown's novels, which have resisted resurrection more pertinaciously than any other victims of the publishers' mania for the uncopyrighted, marked a moment, but marked it with a grave instead of an immortality; and Allston, with his thin *Monaldi*, and the elder Dana, with his Byron-Bulwer stripe, exhaust the list of remembered names in fiction till Sir Walter Scott's great tradition of the romantic treatment of history and humble life was taken over by Cooper. who was its earliest and last American master. Meanwhile, the classical manner of Addison, both in humor and all else, had survived the extinction of the manor-line at home by transplantation here in Irving and his successors, whose pleasantness in letters has continued to the days of Curtis and Warner. These three strands of the early pseudo-romance, the historical romance, and the Addisonian light essay constitute our characteristic borrowings from the mother-country, and they are all in prose. In poetry there was no such appropriation; Shelley and Keats, Tennyson and Browning, Swinburne and Rossetti, have found no continuance here in any native work of enduring worth, and the same is true of later prose authors of England in respect to American imitation. On the small scale and among our minor writers there has been imitativeness in tone and theme; there have been little Dickenses and even little Mrs. Hemanses, the Matthewses and Sigourneys of our middle period; but in the main and on the part of our national writers the English tradition has been incorporated in our literature by a broad academic culture from the past rather than by immediate and conscious imitation and transferrence in the present day.

Our colonial dependence in literature, in fact, has not been so pre-eminently English as is commonly thought. It has been far more a European matter than is appreciated. Longfellow, our first poet of culture, is the representative case; and his service in making Continental poetry known in this country is too much neglected. To others, as to him, the past whose charm won on the imagination and affections was one of the castled Rhine, of lovely Italy, of romantic Spain, of French cathedral towns, and the picturesqueness of Holland, quite as much as of the mother-country. The German influence was dominant in transcendentalism at Boston, and the long line of Dante scholars from George Ticknor to Charles Norton at Harvard is significant of a live tradition in poetic outlook and taste; and the mention of Ticknor, with his history of special literature, recalls the curious closeness of Spain to our own literary land, in the histories of Prescott and Motley, and from Irving to Lowell. Howells, too, has in his earlier days borrowed from Italy for description and literary history, and in his later career has done, in some measure, for Continental contemporary fiction what Longfellow did for the treasures of verse; and in our own fiction the tribute of *The Marble Faun* to Italy is a supreme instance of international gratitude. It is to be observed that this connection with the Continent, so natural, so continuous, so radiant with what it gave to us, was one through culture, either literary or artistic, and not one through action; it was the past of these lands, not their present—the antiquity, learning, and sentiment of their past, not the romanticism of their still vital present—that attracted the American interest, except in the late and single case of Howells in fiction; and of this culture and its effects in art and taste, Longfellow, as has been said, was the clear star. Try as he might to be American in theme, in "Hiawatha," "Evangeline," "Miles Standish," and the "New England Tragedies," and in many shorter pieces, his art owed its simplicity, its mellowness, its adequacy, its golden success, to this culture working out in the new soil of an American nature its refined charm in expression. This same power of culture, less perfect because more exclusively English, gave dignity to Lowell's verse, and matter also to his prose. It was brain-culture through contact with the old books of the world, and with what then passed for neoplatonic and Oriental thought, which gave atmosphere to Emerson's universe. Wherever the subject be taken up, it will be found that what is called our "colonialism" is very much misapprehended if it be thought of as an English tie only; we have not been in this century intellectually an English colony; but we have been deeply indebted for impulse and guidance, for outlook and method, for a thousand subtly shaping influences, to the world beyond seas where both thought and life are old. It is singular that our recognizable dependence on France seems so slight; it is, perhaps, only to be seen in Henry James.

It would appear, then, that our literature has been sundered from the great movement of romanticism abroad and its incarnations of democracy, philanthropy, and science, its experiments and pilgrimages; and that our contact with the Continent has been with its past in history, sentiment, poetic form, critical canon, artistic impression and the like, from which our men of letters derived culture, and a certain dignity and grace of literary demeanor in the scholarly group of which Irving, Longfellow, and Lowell are typical names. But if sundered, the nation has had a life of its own, less turbulent and perplexed, less liable to chaotic and eccentric motions, less on the grand scale of internal battle and social upheaval, but rather a life of assured self-command, intelligent and slow change, conservative in its essence. If one forgets Wordsworth, he will become aware more surely in Bryant of the crystalline horizons, the clear-seen mountain lines and the bald hill-sides of our rugged but ether-bathed landscape; and will find something of the elemental in nature portrayed in his poems with a severity and grand simplicity that befit the new land yet uninhabited save by the far-off water-fowl; it is an original, powerful, almost Biblical note, fit to be the first verse of our chapter. Something of the same simplicity, serenity, ascetic power, but belonging rather to air than earth, as if granite were spiritualized into light, there is in Emerson, as elemental in the sphere of thought as Bryant in that of nature; and it is not in the bleakness of one or the awkwardness of the other that the American quality is found, but in this simplicity which is so absolute and basal as almost to evade statement, and in their vision and thought, rendered in literature, is what Grant and Lincoln are, rendered in character. Emerson was intellectually cultured, as was said above; but his power of expansion in poetry was lacking in fluidity, roundness and ease; his poetry, artistically, is Byzantine in its crudity, like his very figure, so stiff, so serious, so formal in its formlessness; but that is the accident of the body; the insight, the imagination, the flash of originality from within or of beauty caught from without, make the inwardness of the verse, and judged by the great qualities of the spirit, and especially by that greatest one of an absolute unconscious simplicity, Emerson's poetry pierces heaven at the highest altitude of all our bards. His prose essays, liberating as they are to the mind and stimulating to the spiritual life, are on a lower level; his patriotic sayings, his great American lines—and no poet has so many, bright as the lightnings of Zeus—are in his verse; but his essays are the flower of transcendentalism, which stood in American life for religious revolt sympathetic with the movement of enlightenment on the Continent, and they are the result of that internal conflict consequent on a change in ideals in the spiritual sphere which has so often been the motive power of great works in literature, but was here attended by none of that dark stress which is shown in the revolutionary poets of all Europe, and even in the life, though not the works, of Cardinal Newman. The whole transcendental movement, in its literary record, is a striking instance of that absence of turbulence, of desperate battle and deep desire, in our literature, which has been emphasized as characteristic in our men of letters. In Hawthorne only is there found the sense of spiritual peril, and he presents it objectively and historically as a primary experience in the moral life of the founders of New England, most significantly in *The Scarlet Letter*, and again less dramatically and more speculatively in *Donatello;* but in none of his work is it a religious struggle, but it is a moral catastrophe that he illuminates. Hawthorne is, for this reason, the most profound and vitally spiritual in his expression of human experience, the deepest prober of the breast, of all our authors, whether poets or prose-writers; and he comes to this overmastering interest in sin, rather than crime, and in the operations of conscience and the recovery of the soul through suffering and its entrance on a greater life thereby, because of his American inheritance and environment, his American genius. Bryant is a fading and almost Ossianic figure, a wintry ghost, to most of us; Emerson and Hawthorne, a figure of light and a figure of darkness, are the companion spirits, American through and through, who now seem the greatest American writers of this closing century. Longfellow and Lowell, associated together in fame as in life, may find, the one a wider acceptance, the other an academic vogue. Longfellow's poetry is less valued now by the critical class, but it is not likely that his hold on the homes of his countrymen has lessened; the critical class has lost in the sense of refinement, and is dull to the quality of Longfellow; but his trust, his humanity, his hospitality to the joys and sorrows of domestic life, his tenderness, his consolation, his noble nature, his just taste in what to say and what to leave unsaid about the crises of lives, not tragic, but touched with human things that "have been and may be again," his companionableness for souls not over-strenuous, but full of all the pieties of life endearing life—these things give him long lease of fame; and within his unemphatic range he has an unsuspected variety, and thereby expresses without weariness, except to the life-jaded, an American nature of such sweetness, refinement, and purity that it has become almost exemplary of an ideal of the literary life on this soil. Lowell has not touched his people to the same degree; he is over-intellectual for some, and has defects of taste which repulse others, and great unevenness;

he remains our only critic of the first rank, but in other respects his fame seems a doubtful matter. To these names with full right that of Poe is added because of his originality in lyric tone and motive, and its power, now long demonstrated, in this country and abroad; and also because of the peculiar horror of his tales. He has no American trait, but belongs to the sphere of art in its own unshared fascination, just as Keats, the poet of beauty, with no specific English trait, belongs there. No other name would be suggested as of the first rank in our literature, and therefore worthy to be mentioned in a century's achievement; or if suggested, none would pass unchallenged.

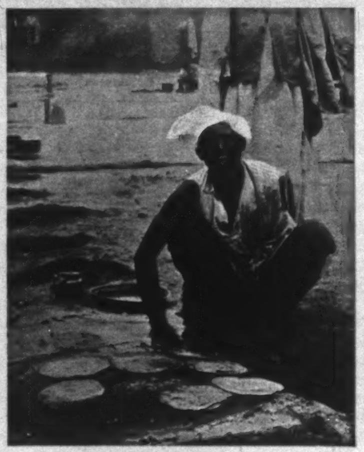
The works of standard authors, accepted by a nation, constitute its true achievement in literature; but in so strict a definition the bulk of writing in any age is lost sight of, and the sense of real performance is less than it should be. There have been hundreds of American writers in this century, and scores of them have been successful novelists, nature-writers, humorists, dramatists, poets; and in a more minute view they would be seen to have contributed much that would deserve recognition in a fuller statement. The novelists after Cooper have given expression to many provincial or metropolitan phases of American life, that serve as local transcripts of manners and places and studies of some careers, and these may prove historically interesting; the humorists have caught a distinct flavor from the time, and Mark Twain is their capital type of popular celebrity; and so the other classes, the describers of nature, of whom Thoreau is the leader, the sentimentalists of whom Mitchell is the most enduring, and the others, each with its head, have accomplished success in their day and generation. In the fields of endeavor that neighbor literature, in history, oratory, state papers, and the like, distinction has been won as high in those provinces of expression as any in the pure literary art. But to examine our literature in this comprehensive way in order to exhibit our true performance would be as vain a task as to endeavor to show our inventive genius by a catalogue of the patent-office instead of by those supreme examples which have been gifts to all the world. The national life, it is true, has found expression in many authors besides those of genius, and in many men of literary faculty approaching genius—its moral experience in Whittier, its democratic crudity in Whitman, its later culture in the elder poets still living, its abolished Southern civilization in *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, its border and mining-camp romance in Bret Harte; but the writers in these cases belong in a secondary class in comparison with Bryant, Irving, Cooper, Emerson, Hawthorne, Longfellow, Lowell, and Poe. These last are the authors whom the nation as a whole regards as its great writers in pure literature, and none besides. They are themselves in a second class in comparison with the English or French authors of the century; and in fact they fall, in almost a solid group, just below the greatest names in English literature and above all others who are reckoned as second in England, and Emerson, Hawthorne, and Poe are unique each in his kind. The work they have done, and those associated with them, has been distinguished by artistic conscientiousness, to a degree rarely paralleled, and also by purity; no nation has so pure, few so painstaking, a literature; it fails of the highest rank only because it lacks inspiration, passion, that deep stirring of the spirit of man which, with all its cost, is the cause of his highest reach in imagination, intellect, and desire.

Men of the Fourth Goorkhas.

THE FOREIGN TROOPS AT SHANGHAI

BY

GEORGE P. DYER, U. S. N.



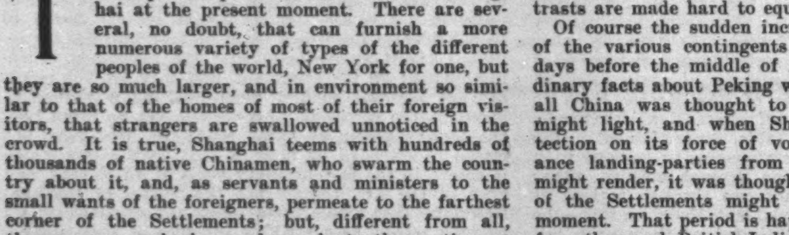
A Hindoo Cook.

SHANGHAI, *September 13, 1900.*

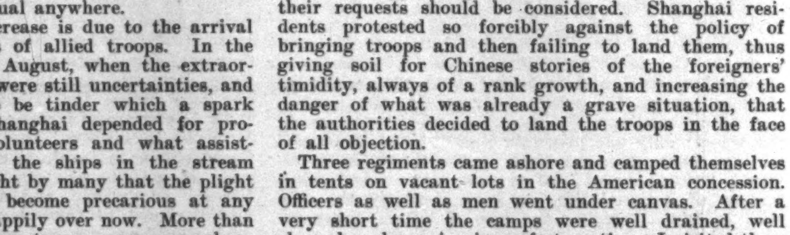
THERE is probably no more obstreperously cosmopolitan place in the world than Shanghai at the present moment. There are several, no doubt, that can furnish a more numerous variety of types of the different peoples of the world, New York for one, but they are so much larger, and in environment so similar to that of the homes of most of their foreign visitors, that strangers are swallowed unnoticed in the crowd. It is true, Shanghai teems with hundreds of thousands of native Chinamen, who swarm the country about it, and, as servants and ministers to the small wants of the foreigners, permeate to the farthest corner of the Settlements; but, different from all, they serve as a background merely to the continuous cosmopolitan show going on in the narrow confines of the foreign concessions, just as China at large now serves but as the scene for the play of European diplomacy. In China, one not a native is instantly remarkable. The effect may be imagined, then, of more than doubling the foreign population in an area so small, comparatively speaking, as foreign Shanghai, and that with as diverse additions as could be found in the world. From its ordinary foreign population of between six and seven thousand in the American, British, and French concessions—embracing strays from many home lands, Americans and Europeans, Parsees and Sikhs, Malaymen from the Straits, and Filipinos, Japanese, Koreans, and Asiatic Russians, each carrying out the customs of his country more or less, because of the lack of a native standard to follow—to more than once again that number in Frenchmen from Tonkin, Germans straight from home, Japanese sailors, Sikhs, Rajputs, Baluchis, Goorkhas, with British officers, on shore, and sailors from the Italian, Dutch, and other men-of-war, human contrasts are made hard to equal anywhere.

Of course the sudden increase is due to the arrival of the various contingents of allied troops. In the days before the middle of August, when the extraordinary facts about Peking were still uncertainties, and all China was thought to be tinder which a spark might light, and when Shanghai depended for protection on its force of volunteers and what assistance landing-parties from the ships in the stream might render, it was thought by many that the plight of the Settlements might become precarious at any moment. That period is happily over now. More than four thousand British-Indian troops, over seven hundred Frenchmen and Annamites, six hundred Japanese, and about five hundred Germans are here, camped in various parts of the town. The British were the first to arrive, some of the troops ordered to Taku, to their huge disgust, being diverted to Shanghai, doubtless because of the vigorous and reasonable protests on the part of British interests and consular officers at leaving the safety of the place in any doubt whatever. For days after the transports arrived it was uncertain whether these troops would be landed, after all, strange as it may seem, because of objection on the part of Chinese authorities. This remarkable incident is one of the many strange situations brought about by the acrobatic diplomacy necessary in treating China alternately as an empire and as a loose confederation of independent provinces, and in maintaining the fiction of a state of peace when opposing national armies were actively engaged in the field. But these officials, the viceroys of the Yangtse provinces, had hitherto been protecting foreigners and suppressing disturbances, and it was felt their requests should be considered. Shanghai residents protested so forcibly against the policy of bringing troops and then failing to land them, thus giving soil for Chinese stories of the foreigners' timidity, always of a rank growth, and increasing the danger of what was already a grave situation, that the authorities decided to land the troops in the face of all objection.

Three regiments came ashore and camped themselves in tents on vacant lots in the American concession. Officers as well as men went under canvas. After a very short time the camps were well drained, well cleaned, and running in perfect routine. I visited them several times out of curiosity to compare the Indians with our negro troops, talking with the officers and moving about among the tents. I was struck by the primitive life of the men and by their lack of physical development. When not on duty their dress is far from clean or whole—but their equipments are spotless. Each has his little brass pot for cooking and eating purposes, and all squat upon the ground, *sans* dishes or table-ware, to eat their cakes of coarse flour, dipped perhaps in a sort of vegetable soup; and all are content to turn in higgledy-piggledy on straw, with anything for covering and without the formality of taking off their clothes. None of them have the fine muscular development we so often see in the negro of the United States. They are a slender lot with pipe-stem legs—sinewy perhaps, but spare. The Indian is not so agile, either. His awkwardness in playing at football and marching double-time has convinced me

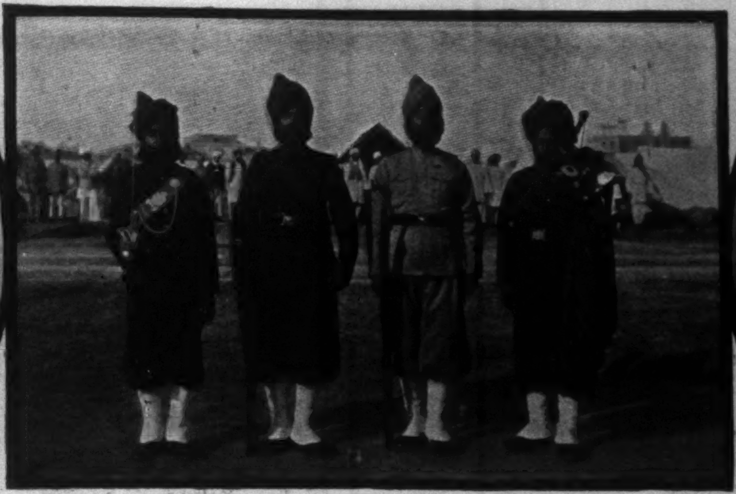


An Indian Regiment's Camp.



Indian Troops Pitching Camp.

A Sikh Non-commissioned Officer.



Typical Group of Baluchis.

A Private of the Goorkhas.

on that point. Altogether, except in one point which will be mentioned later, the comparison is in our favor. Our negroes are better educated, more civilized, stronger men, and if we would but see it, as fine material for the rank and file of an army as the world can muster. Whoever revives the old argument that the negro has not the endurance of the Indian soldier should learn the story of Bacheldor's march from Dagupan to Aparri, and of others hardly less extraordinary, in the Philippines.

Among the Indians, for activity the little Goorkha hill-men impress one most. Accustomed in Nepaul, where Everest rears its mighty head, to living in mountainous country many thousand feet above the sea, the quick step of these little fellows with the high cheek-bones and sharp eyes, their officers say, can tire out many a larger man. They are not graceful, nor particularly clean, out of uniform, but they look what they are—game, and a race of fighters. Their wicked native knives, more like a Moro barong than any weapon I have ever seen, have been added to their equipment. These are used for everything—chopping wood, cooking, eating, and, one of the officers told me, are nursed to a razor edge for a campaign. Their little black caps, like a Turk's fez without the tassel, would distinguish this regiment if the lack of stature in the men did not. In hot weather this cap can be covered with a khaki cover, making it look not unlike a helmet—a good thing in campaigning, since it makes the officers in helmets indistinguishable from the men at a slight distance.

Marching, the Goorkhas swing along with guns held at the balance and trailed horizontally, at a step which seems half again as fast as that of the larger men. Their bagpipes and drums step out in front, preliminary taps on the bass-drum are given, and off they go.

Nothing is more interesting than to watch these Indian pipers. Three of the four regiments now stationed here have them. The brown and black faces staring from above the plaid thrown over the shoulder and the plaided pipe tucked under the arm, the bass-drum's fancy contortions, and the drummers, holding the crossed sticks before their mouths in the intervals of their playing, are irresistibly funny at first. But they make stirring music, and are much better employed at that than at brass instruments, if the regimental band which I heard at the hotel in Hong-kong was fair evidence of the Indians' capacity for producing conventional music.

The Fourteenth Sikhs were the last to arrive at Shanghai. The Sikh is, apparently, above all other Indians, dignified. In this one respect our negro is not his equal. The Fourteenth in ranks, tall, erect, black-bearded almost to a man, with the sides of the beard rolled up and twisted and the strands carried in front of the ears, in "putties," khaki and turbaned head-dress of uniform brown, makes a fine-looking body of men. In close columns of companies the serried lines are a splendid sight, unexceeded in calm immobility, and in snap in executing orders only excelled by the Germans. In camp they are like all the rest of the Indians—semi-primitive still, to Occidental eyes. I saw in this camp, however, a tent for worship, set apart in a prominent place. The floor was covered with clean white cloths. At the back, under an embroidered canopy and behind a covered mound with overhanging silver bell, was a calm, clear-faced man, evidently the priest, quietly talking to two or three men who had left their slippers at the door and now sat cross-legged, listening.

When the British troops landed, the French hastened to put a detachment ashore, first a landing-force from the man-of-war *Pasqual*, then a battalion of the Ninth Regiment, brought from Tonkin. Expecting to be but four days on their transport, they were kept eleven, and they arrived woe-begone specimens indeed. In their white helmets and working-suits of dungaree they were marched up to buildings in the French concession, to be quartered pending the construction of bamboo and plaster barracks some distance out in the suburbs.

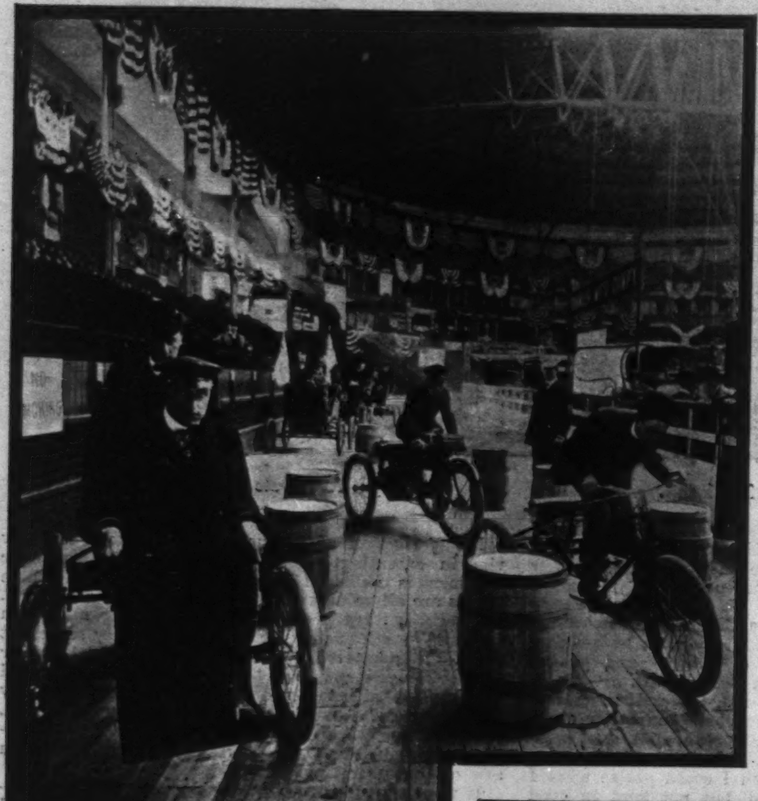
With a small stock of French I asked permission at the door to inspect them in their temporary quarters. An officer most courteously granted it, and, without inquiring further, took a deal of trouble in showing me about. For this I wish I could praise what I saw. The quarters were good, but not kept in good order. The men's bedding in some cases had evidently been disturbed since inspection and not remade, and was undeniably dirty. The men themselves were inclined to be careless in respect to the presence of an officer. They did not look healthy, being undersized for the most part and of pasty instead of ruddy complexion. Their uniform adds an appearance of slovenliness and puniness, in one case being a blue dungaree of uncertain shade, and helmets so big that they look like candle-snuffers on the little men, and in the other a heavy blue flannel with the exaggerated cadet cap so familiar in French cartoons. On the march the soldier carries a tremendous knapsack, surmounted by blanket and cup, which seems as though it must weigh down to earth the poor man struggling beneath it. The mounted officers of the battalion, some of whom are more notable for girth than height, ride little Annamite horses no larger than Shetland ponies, which look odd when the French artillery battery follows with tremendous mules drawing the guns and packing the ammunition.

For perfection of manual and movement and for vim in executing orders the German First Asiatic Regiment is the best I have seen. It is said that these troops are all volunteers from good German regiments. Individually they are fair, gawky-looking men with eyes and mouth wide open at the sights they see about them. This hayseed appearance is increased by their wide-brimmed straw hats, baggy blue tunics, and khaki trousers tucked into cowhide boots—but in ranks they are wonderful. On parade, in spite of the goose-step, which to one unaccustomed to it deforms their marching, they drilled better and kept better alignment than any of the other troops.

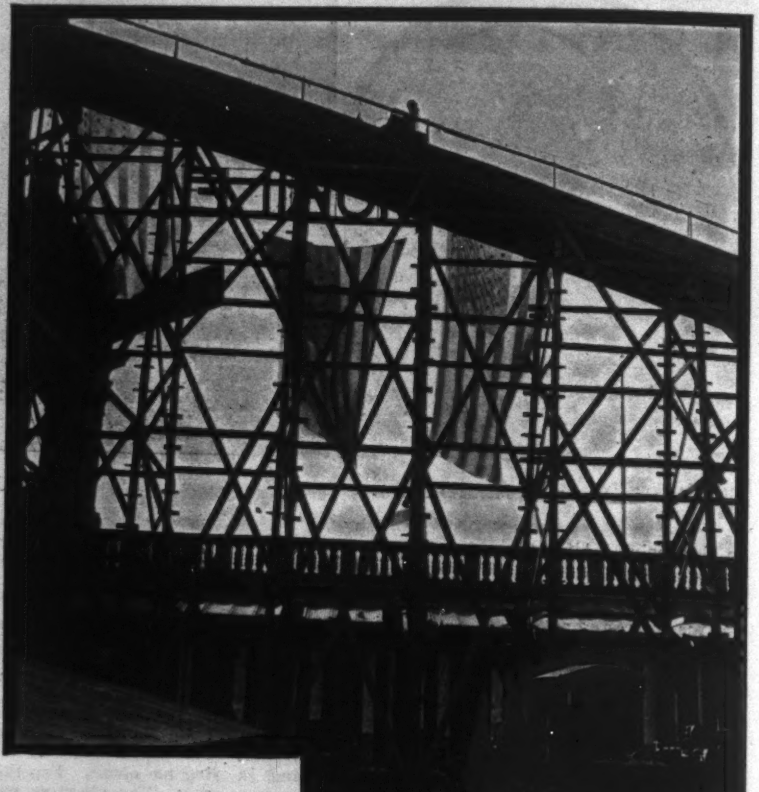
It was very pleasant to visit the quarters of the Japanese. These are sailors drawn from the three naval stations, two hundred from each, and sent until troops could be forwarded. On the upper floors of a spacious cotton-mill some distance down the river from the Bund, in a place easily defended and absolutely dry, the Japanese commodore keeps his men. He pays a high rent, but his men are comfortable and safe. On the ground-floor are the kitchen and armory with two field-pieces, and above are the quarters. In an outbuilding is a well-appointed dispensary and hospital, in another a guard-room, and in a proper place a canteen for the sale of saki.

I went up to the quarters. Everything was spick and span and shining. The calking-mats of white matting were laid out regularly in eights for the men to sleep on. At the head of each was the owner's bag, with fleecy blankets neatly folded on it. At one side of each square of mats was a rifle-rack with equipments. I picked up a rifle at random. It was a repeating arm made in Japan, and was perfectly kept. There was not a speck of dirt to be seen.

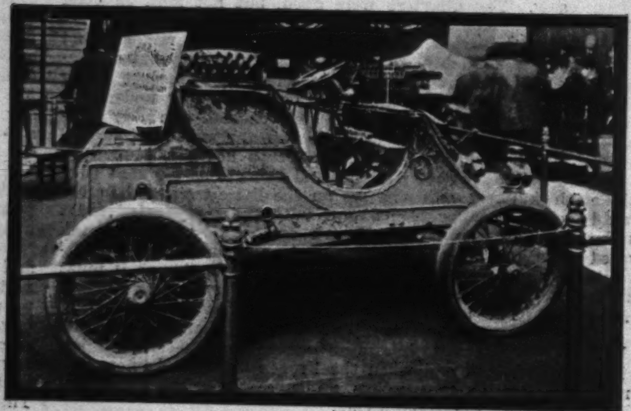
The Indian Regiments' Camp at Shanghai.



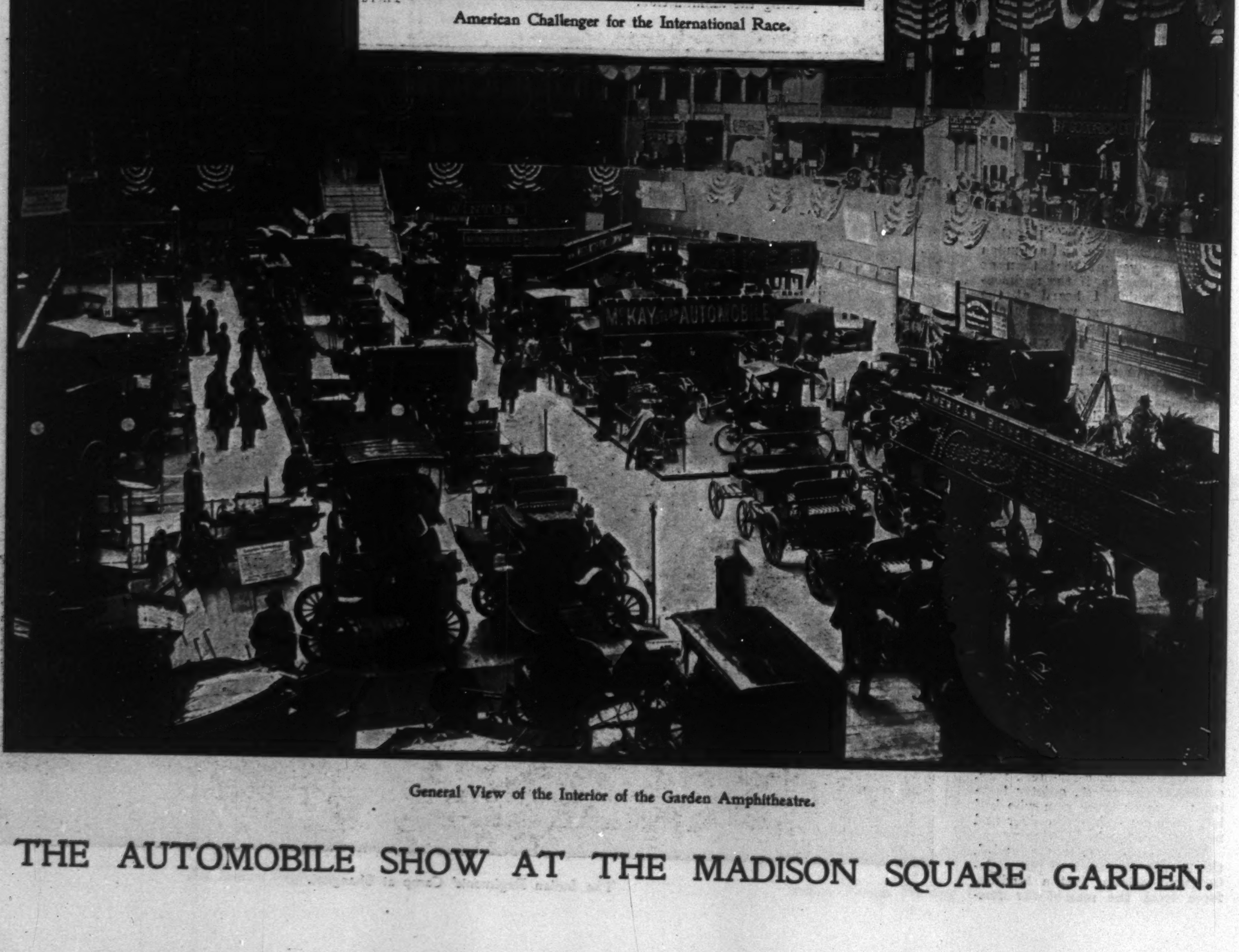
An Obstacle Race.



Backing Down Grade.



American Challenger for the International Race.



McKAY AUTOMOBILE
AMERICAN

General View of the Interior of the Garden Amphitheatre.

THE AUTOMOBILE SHOW AT THE MADISON SQUARE GARDEN.

William L. Strong

THERE have been men in the world who have not been appreciated until after they were dead. With ex-Mayor Strong that has not been so. He had been appreciated ever since he had ceased to be Mayor, and, indeed, since long before that, and the news of his death, on November 2, made many New Yorkers who did not know him feel that they had lost a friend.

Mr. Strong was the last Mayor of New York before its expansion. He was born in Loudonville, Ashland County, Ohio, in 1827. He went to the common schools of his native village, and left home at sixteen to work in Wooster, Ohio. There he staid two years, giving evidence of industry and energy which brought him the offer of a better job from a dry-goods merchant in Mansfield. Eight years later, in 1853, when he was twenty-six, he came to New York, to work for the large concern of L. O. Wilson & Co. That house failed in 1857. Mr. Strong then took service with Farnham, Dale, & Co., which firm, after several changes, was dissolved in December, 1869, and was succeeded by William L. Strong & Co., a firm which has continued for over thirty years and still exists. Under Mr. Strong's direction it succeeded from the start, and became one of the best-known dry-goods houses in the country, with branches and connections in many cities. Mr. Strong quickly took his place among the leading merchants of New York, and rapidly accumulated a fortune.

He was a Republican; a party man in national politics, but not closely held by party ties in municipal concerns. As the result of a mass-meeting that followed the Lexow investigations in 1894, a non-partisan committee of seventy was chosen to try to beat Tammany in the election for Mayor. On the reform platform approved by this committee Mr. Strong was nominated. The Tammany candidate was Hugh J. Grant. Mr. Strong won by a plurality of 47,187 votes, and became Mayor on January 1, 1895. He held office for three years. The chief features of his administration are very well remembered. He appointed Colonel Waring Superintendent of Street Cleaning, and the streets of New York were cleaned for the first time. He appointed Mr. Roosevelt a Police Commissioner, and though the Police Commission was an inharmonious body, a great deal was done to improve and purify the Police Department of the city. A great deal of money was spent, and well spent. Streets were asphalted, especially in the crowded districts of the city; bigger and better school-houses were built than had ever been built before. New parks were made where breathing-spaces were most needed. The great water-main was brought down Fifth Avenue, the viaduct was completed at 155th Street. A standard of administration was set up of which New York still feels the benefit, and ideas of what good municipal government is were illustrated in so many striking ways that the memory of what was done under Mayor Strong is still an effective practical argument for better city government in future.

William Lysong Strong.

Born March 22, 1827. *Died November 2, 1900.*

PITTSBURG INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION

THIS year's annual exhibition at the Carnegie Institute, Pittsburg, is only a little behind preceding ones in quality. Such lapse as there may be from a very high standard is due to deficiencies in the display of foreign work, which would seem to have been gathered too exclusively from certain sections, and does not, in many cases, represent the individual painters at their best.

It must be acknowledged that this yearly gleaning from foreign harvests is a very difficult task, involving incredible work and much disappointment. Painters are loath to send their pictures so far and to part with them so long.

One foreign set of pictures which offers much interest to students and the public is that of the Scotch group of landscape-painters, loosely classed together as the Glasgow School, notwithstanding their very differing characteristics.

One of these Scotch painters, Robert W. Allan, has received an honorable mention for his "All Hands on Deck," a fine study of deep blue water stirred by a gathering breeze, which already throws up white flecks against the bows of two fishing-smacks. They move; the water heaves; the air is bracing, while a strip of green-yellow coast-line gives an extra note of freshness and also a contrast of stability.

The Gold Medal this year has been conferred upon the French painter André Dauchez, for his picture "The Kelp-Gatherers." It represents a curve of sandy shore with groups of figures, near and at different distances, collecting the scattered sea-weed into carts: a dull-hued canvas of browns, grays, drabs, and buffs, powerfully suggesting the colorless, stern lives of those who wring their livelihood from the sea. It is not an isolated experiment, for another picture here by this painter, and several that represented him at the Paris Exhibition, are cast in the same heavy mould. They belong to that dreary view of labor indulged in nowadays by some painters and poets. Far more beautiful in feeling and not behind in technical skill is the Silver-Medal Prize, a landscape by Ben Foster, "Misty Moonlight Night," in which the moon is not visible, yet pasture and trees are bathed and the sky impregnated with its tremulous luminosity. It is singularly subtle in its discrimination of tones; sincere and tender. For comparison one may turn to Charles H. Davis's "Midsummer Night." It is equally sincere, and has its tender passages, notably in the sky, softly alive with trembling pink and green and blue; but its sum of impressiveness is more robust. The sloping pasture, entirely in shadow, has its roots in strong deep soil, its color is sobered to dark velvet, and it lies against the faint sky like a slumbering giant. George H. Bogert shows two strong landscapes, both arrangements of rich browns and blues, yellows and pale gray. One is a scene in Holland, the other "Autumn Afternoon—Manomet," and it is interesting to note that, while each is virile in conception and method, there is a vein of conscious tenderness in the home subject, which makes one feel the painter's personality more intimately expressed. An honorable mention has been given to W. Elmer Schofield, who exhibits "Twilight" and "January Woods." The latter is hardly as good as some of his previous snow scenes, while the other, very clever though it is, shows more than a little tendency to affect certain French methods, whereas he has proved himself a painter of truly original feeling, and will be far better advised to follow his own star. Two very beautiful snow scenes are shown by Birge Harrison; quite remarkable for their apparent economy of means and yet fulness of suggestions, and for the solemnity of snow that one is made to feel beneath the magical tenderness of the surface. Just a reverse of these effects is seen in the two winter pieces of J. H. Twachtman: "Hemlock Pool" and "Brook in Winter." In these one is conscious first of the rude and desolate character of the scenes, and only later discovers the tenderly caressing atmosphere, gray and dry and silent. The subtle fidelity to nature is admirable. Examples of moonlight gleaming on the white cottages of a village street are sent by Edward F. Rook and Bruce Crane. While differing in method, they equally succeed in reproducing the phenomenon—the former with more feeling for the variable and illusive effects of moonlight, the latter with more suggestion of its inherent sentiment.

Conspicuous among the figure-pictures are three portraits by Anders Zorn, the well-known Swedish painter. His portrait of the Hon. Grover Cleveland is a triumph of pictorial realism, in which the subject's inward and outward personality is expressed with convincing truth to life, and with a freedom and control of brush-work—the latter a quality not invariable with this painter—that conceal all effort. Alongside of it, John S. Sargent's portrait of Hon. Joseph H. Choate is a tame affair, though he recovers himself in the dignified picture of the Hon. James C. Carter. Another amazing example of realism is Thomas Eakin's portrait of Mr. Louis Kenton. To say that it is utterly unattractive as a picture is to lay greater stress on the skill with which the painter has compelled us to admire. Briefly, it is a study of a man standing, absorbed in some mental problem; unstudied from the point of view of making a picture, but with every detail uncompromisingly subordinated to the action of the man's brain. The unity is thus complete, and the grip upon one's interest so firm that one is fascinated.

A portrait of a boy, "Gilman Nichols," by Wilton Lockwood, is pictorially handsome and distinguished in treatment, with much suggestion underlying its simple straightforwardness. Miss Cecelia Beaux is not seen at her best in a bust portrait of a young lady, in which dexterity is too obviously revealed and a shallowness of feeling thereby suggested.

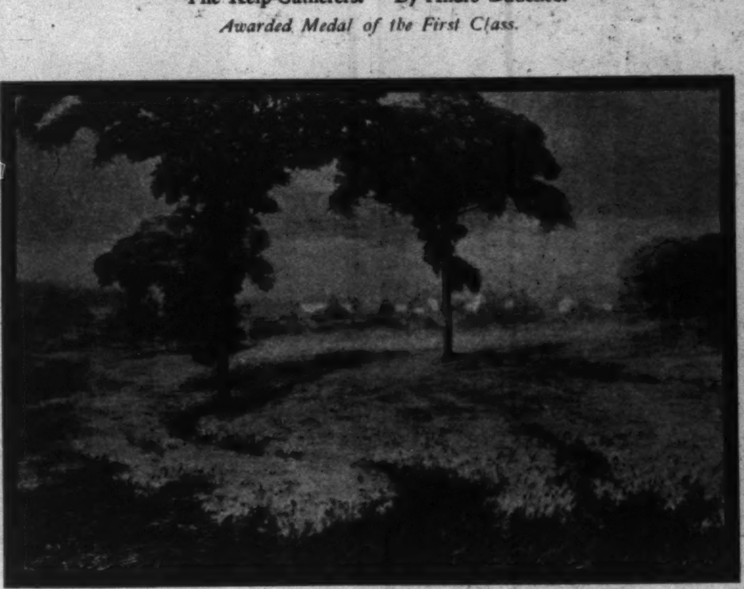
The picture selected for the Bronze-Medal Prize was Sergeant Kendall's "The End of the Day," a mother bending over the sleepy head of a little child that tries to assert an interest in a picture-book. The little one is charmingly rendered, and the beautiful feeling throughout the picture helps to condone a rather crude color scheme and some incomplete modelling in the lady's arm and hand. A very agreeable figure-subject, decoratively treated under the title of "Hydrangeas," is shown by Robert W. Vonnoh. It represents a lady daintily attired in a softly clinging dress, sprinkled with pink and lilac blossoms, standing by the flowers on a lawn flooded with sunlight and rimmed with trees; a most delightful conception realized in true artist's spirit; the best this clever painter has done for many a day. Henry O. Tanner sends a "Christ among the Doctors," an essay in a more diversified arrangement of colors than he usually attempts. One believes it may be very true to the conditions he has studied in Palestine, but pictorially it is ill digested, so that the picture lacks the intense earnestness so apparent in his other work. Edmund C. Tarbell is represented by a "Girl with Mirror," exquisitely refined in drawing and color, and by "Child with Boat," a sunlight study by the edge of the sea, a charming record of light and air and movement, both of which were seen at the latest exhibition of the Ten. There, too, appeared Robert Reid's "Autumn," a decorative subject of three girls with bunches of rich colored foliage; a composition that makes itself felt by the simple grace of its main lines as well as by the intricate overlay of direct and reflected lights. By Robert V. V. Sewell is shown a study for a mural decoration, "Psyche before the Throne of Venus," which has admirable possibilities.

From Americans residing abroad come more than usually excellent examples by Miss Mary Cassatt and Miss Elizabeth Nourse, and a very handsome portrait of his wife by J. J. Shannon. It is a sumptuous picture, with profusion of gray satin and a luxurious setting of dull-toned tapestry, in which the massing of effects is characterized by ampleness and dignity. Two pictures by Humphreys Johnston, one of which would appear to be extremely handsome, have been skied, a fate that has befallen so many other good canvases that it cannot be passed over.

CHARLES H. CAFFIN.

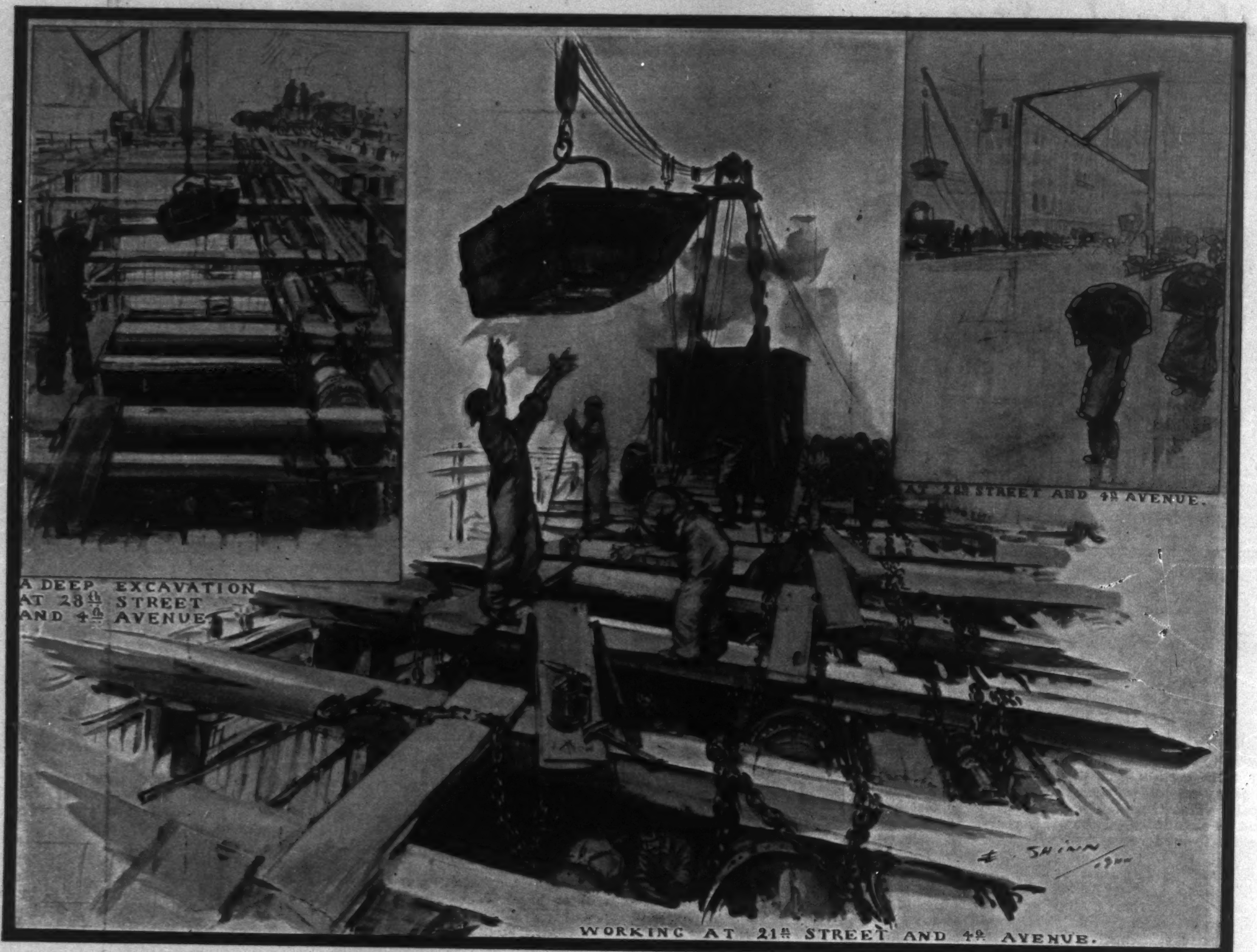
"The Kelp-Gatherers."—By Andre Dauchez.

Awarded Medal of the First Class.



"Misty Moonlight Night."—By Ben Foster.

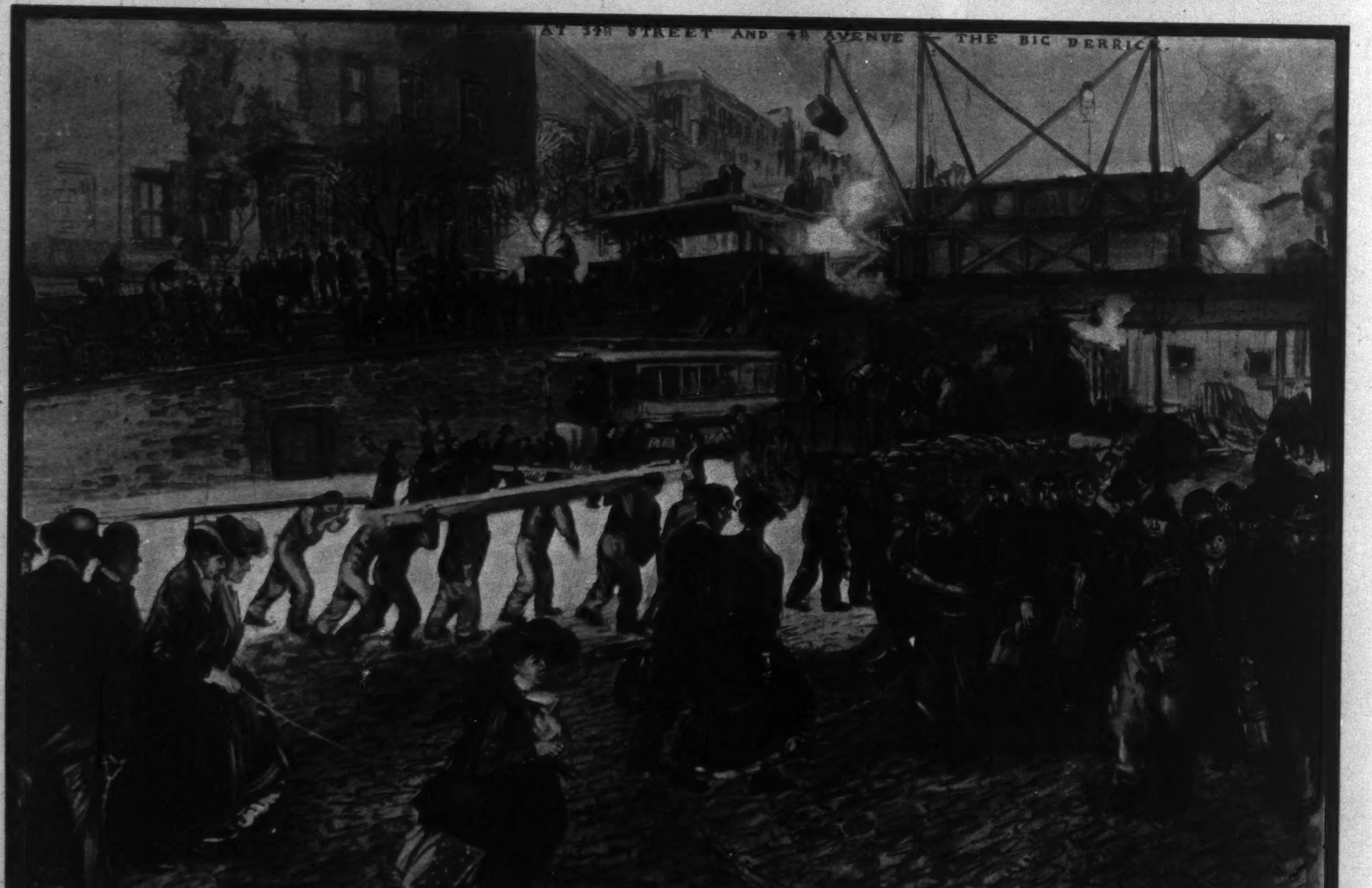
Awarded Medal of the Second Class.



A DEEP EXCAVATION AT 28th STREET AND 4th AVENUE.

AT 28th STREET AND 4th AVENUE.

WORKING AT 21st STREET AND 4th AVENUE.



AT 34th STREET AND 4th AVENUE — THE BIG DERRICK.

PROGRESS OF THE WORK ON THE UNDERGROUND RAILROAD.

Interior Arrangement of New York's New Public Library

THE ultimate test of a building must be its adaptability to the purpose for which it was designed. Perhaps this is particularly so in the case of a great public library, owing to the variety of the needs which it must subserve, and to the number of people who will use it, not in a mass, but with individual requirements. New York is late in the race of American cities to supply herself with adequate library accommodation. There is all the more need that this building, when completed, should be entirely satisfactory. The trustees have the advantage of those who move slowly; they can profit by the example or warning of others. In this case, Dr. Billings, the director, has made an exhaustive study of libraries, both in this country and in Europe, and it is understood that the accepted design of Messrs. Carrère & Hastings fully embodies the results of his investigation; so, not only by New-Yorkers, but by all who are interested in public libraries, the interior arrangement of this one will be carefully examined.

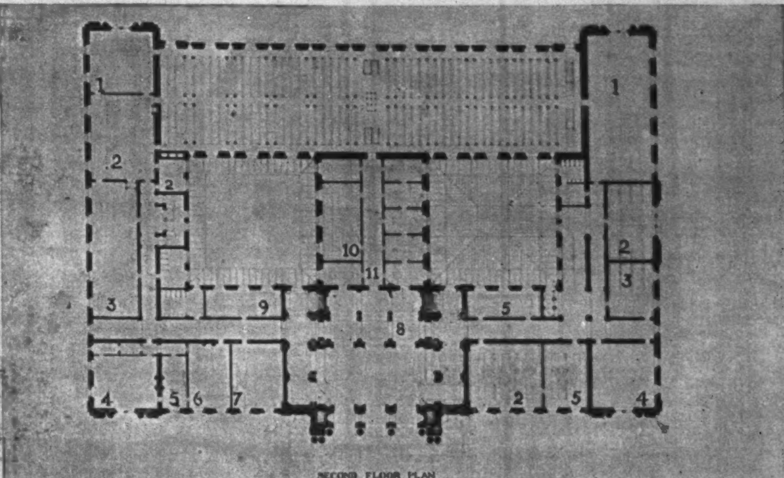
The growth of a building, like that of a tree, is from the ground up. An architect begins with his ground-plan. Upon the layout of this depends the value of his scheme, for the floors above it must be organically similar in character; not necessarily subdivided in the same way, but following the same general disposition. By the time he has agreed upon the number and arrangement of his floors, he is in a position to develop his façades, which must grow to, belong to, and suggest from outside the internal arrangement. Hence it is fair to assert that by his ground-plan he will succeed or fail, for it is the premise from which everything else proceeds logically.

The ground-plan of this library is a rectangle with its front upon Fifth Avenue and bounded north and south respectively by Forty-second and Fortieth streets. For general characteristics it has two interior courts, one open from the ground up, the other covered with glass just above the floor of the first story. The book-stacks occupy almost the entire west side, fronting Bryant Park. On the opposite side of the building is the provision for a grand entrance; there is another on the north side, and a third on the south, which last has a driveway into the open court. A main corridor runs north and south through the building, terminating at each end in a window, and from it, at each end, runs a shorter corridor at right angles. Lastly, in the centre is a block with provision for a large room. A study of the illustrations, with particular reference to these main features, will show that the layout is very simple, that the communications in every direction are easy and intelligible, and that the provisions for natural light are abundant. The ground-plan also suggests that there is opportunity for a monumental entrance, with striking vistas through into a handsome central hall. We shall expect that these features will be preserved in the other floors, and shall not be surprised to find that the uninterrupted stretch of book-stacks is continued upwards, and reaches its climax in a spacious reading-room that from its size will be the conspicuous feature of the building, to which everything else will be in a way subsidiary.

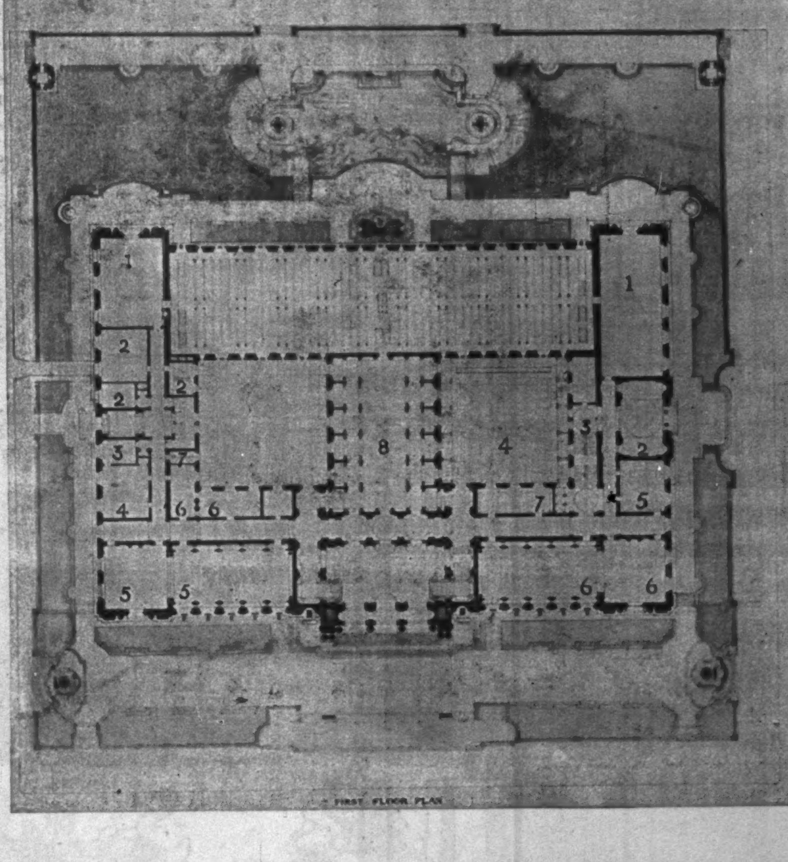
So much for the general plan. Examining the basement in detail, we find that the greater part is devoted to the service, and that a gate, to be placed across the corridor in the northeast corner, will confine the public to a strip of rooms on the north face, communicating with the adjoining court. There is a drop of eight feet between the level of the ground at the entrance from Fifth Avenue and that on Forty-second Street. This enables the architects to make this north entrance an imposing one. It will be three steps above the street, and there will still be a height of fifteen feet for the rooms. The vaulted vestibule will extend through the basement and first floor, and lead directly into the lending delivery-room, which will be devoted to the circulation of books that are carried away for reading at home. It communicates directly with the book-stacks, and naturally the books listed for circulation will be shelved close by. This lending-room will be covered with glass a little above the level of the basement ceiling; to speak more accurately, just below the sills of the first-floor windows. In equally convenient proximity to the book-stacks will be the patent-room, in the northwest corner, which will be well lighted on two sides, and be easily accessible.

The centre block is utilized for the ventilating machinery. The rest of the basement is devoted to storerooms, workshops, watchman's quarters, and to the binding and printing rooms. In the southwest corner is the packing and issue room; the service department which supplements the work of the lending-room. It is from this point that the branch libraries throughout the city will be served. There is direct communication with Fortieth Street by a covered way, admitting into the open court. To sum up the basement: it contains provision for the outside circulation of books, the patent-reference room, and general service accommodation.

While studying the first floor, it must be borne in mind that from this point up there are two open courts within the building. This floor is the bel étage, and there are two approaches, a staircase and elevators leading up from the north door and the grand entrance on Fifth Avenue. The latter opens into a hall of monumental proportions, 80 feet by 40 feet; treated with columns and arches and a vaulted ceiling carried up through the second floor. It thus forms the most important æsthetic feature of the interior. That portion of the corridor which passes in front of it is to be vaulted, and a second row of columns on the opposite side of it will lead into the large exhibition hall, lighted on two sides by windows commencing eight feet from the floor. With the exception of a small group of rooms in the southwest wing, devoted to the necessities of the service, the whole of this floor, besides the hall and exhibition-room, is given to various reading-rooms. On the left, as one enters, is provision for the children, and on the right for periodicals. Each department consists of two rooms, an arrangement which allows one for shelves and the other for quiet reading. Across the corridor from the periodical-room is one for the blind. In the northwest corner is the newspaper-room, 98 feet by 40 feet. The entrance to this is by a corridor, which forms a gallery as it passes across the north vestibule. The staircase, leading up to it, is ingeniously designed to economize space.



SECOND FLOOR PLAN



FIRST FLOOR PLAN

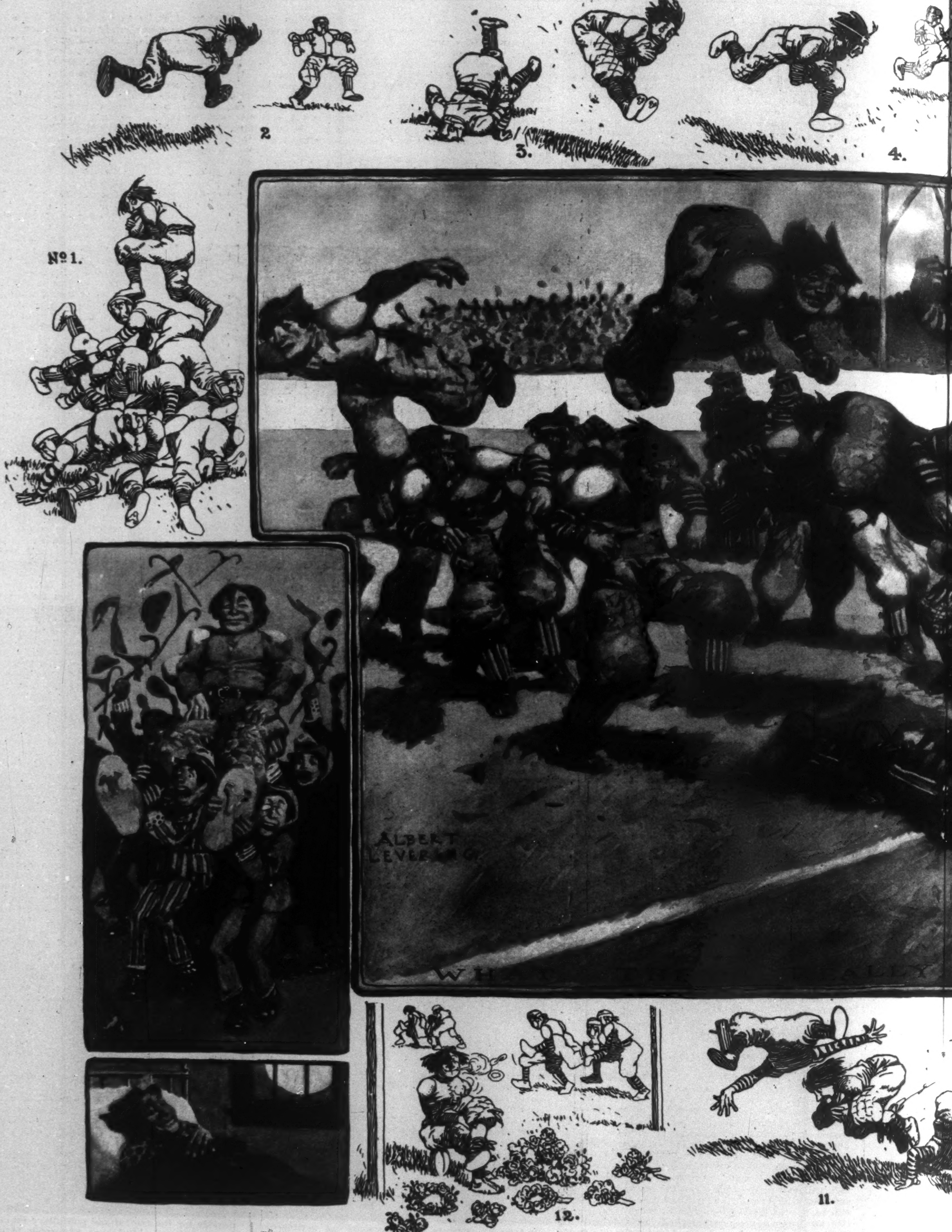
The grand staircase on the east front is in two flights, rising immediately on the right and left of the entrance arches, and running up the wall to the level of the second floor, where the gallery which crosses the hall unites them. After crossing the gallery, which it will be remembered is part of the main corridor, two more flights rise, one on each side of the entrance to the central block, and pass through the second floor, landing the visitor in the vaulted vestibule at the entrance to the great reading-rooms on the third floor. This arrangement, besides providing a direct and easy communication by stairs between the main entrance and the chief rooms, is æsthetically commendable.

The second floor is in the nature of an entresol, being only fifteen feet in height, as compared with twenty-two and a half feet in the first and third floors. The height of the floors is regulated by the requirements of the book-stacks. Experience has shown that the most convenient height for each tier of shelving is seven feet six inches; so the floors have to be multiples of this—the basement containing two of these tiers, the first floor three, and the second two. The plan shows that the south wing of this floor is reserved for official purposes. Above the receiving and checking rooms of the previous floor are the rooms for accessions (books received but not yet placed), and catalogue and index rooms, and close by are the offices for the trustees and director. The latter is thus placed in immediate communication by stairs and elevator with all the human machinery of the building. The rest of the floor is assigned to special reading-rooms, and the individual collections, such as public documents, music, maps, and Bibles.

The third floor is divided between reading and exhibition rooms. The whole front is a splendid suite of galleries, destined for collections and exhibits, for the Stewart collection, which has to be kept separate, and for pictures. In fact, the characteristics of this floor are a noble spaciousness and prolonged vistas. This stretch of galleries helps to balance the great reading-room, which is approached, as the reader will remember, by a handsome vestibule. This great room will be T-shaped, the dimensions of the arms being 280 feet by 70 feet, and of the upright 100 feet by 70. The delivery desk will be placed at the point of intersection, communicating by elevators with the second tiers of shelving immediately below it. In this feature the New York Library will resemble that of St. Geneviève in Paris. As a solution to the problems of securing the utmost amount of light and freedom from noise, and of bringing the reader as close as possible to the books, this arrangement would seem to be the very best. Aesthetically it may not be so acceptable. The main feature of a building should, if possible, occupy the place of honor, whether judged from the interior or the exterior. Bates Hall at Boston corresponds with the main façade; but the practical result is that it is inconveniently far from the book-stacks, and delivery is slow. At Washington the great rotunda and the reading-room are identical, and the books probably as conveniently placed as is possible in so large a building. At Chicago the delivery-room and stacks are on the second floor, the reading-room on the third floor and at the opposite end of the building. The smallness of Columbia College Library enabled the architect to satisfy both the utilitarian and the æsthetic requirements.

In larger buildings a compromise seems inevitable, and Messrs. Carrère & Hastings in the New York Library have given preference to the utilitarian. But they have done all that was possible to counterbalance the placing of the great room at the rear by making a fine approach to it in direct communication with the grand entrance. The book-stacks are estimated to hold 1,700,000 volumes; and the elevators will be such as Mr. Bernard R. Green devised for the Library of Congress. This necessarily brief survey would seem to show that the interior will adequately provide for the central and subsidiary requirements of a great library; and that admirable facilities have been allowed for the storage and handling of books in the most approved scientific way. It shows, moreover, that the architects have segregated the official and the public requirements, and have allowed their scheme to grow naturally and logically from the ground-floor up.

CHARLES H. CAFFIN.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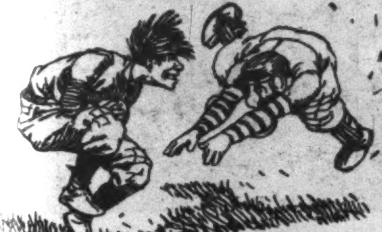

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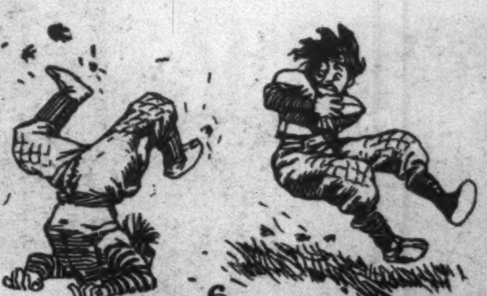

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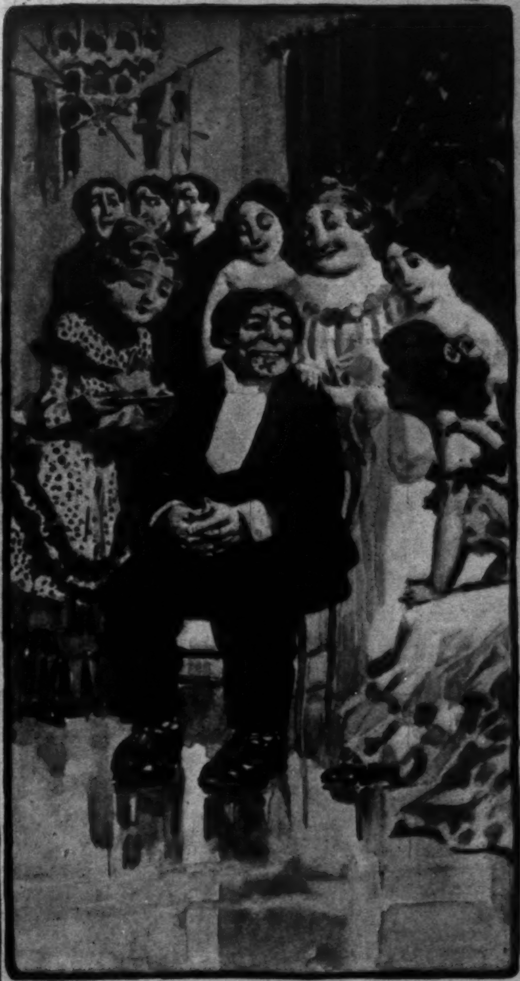

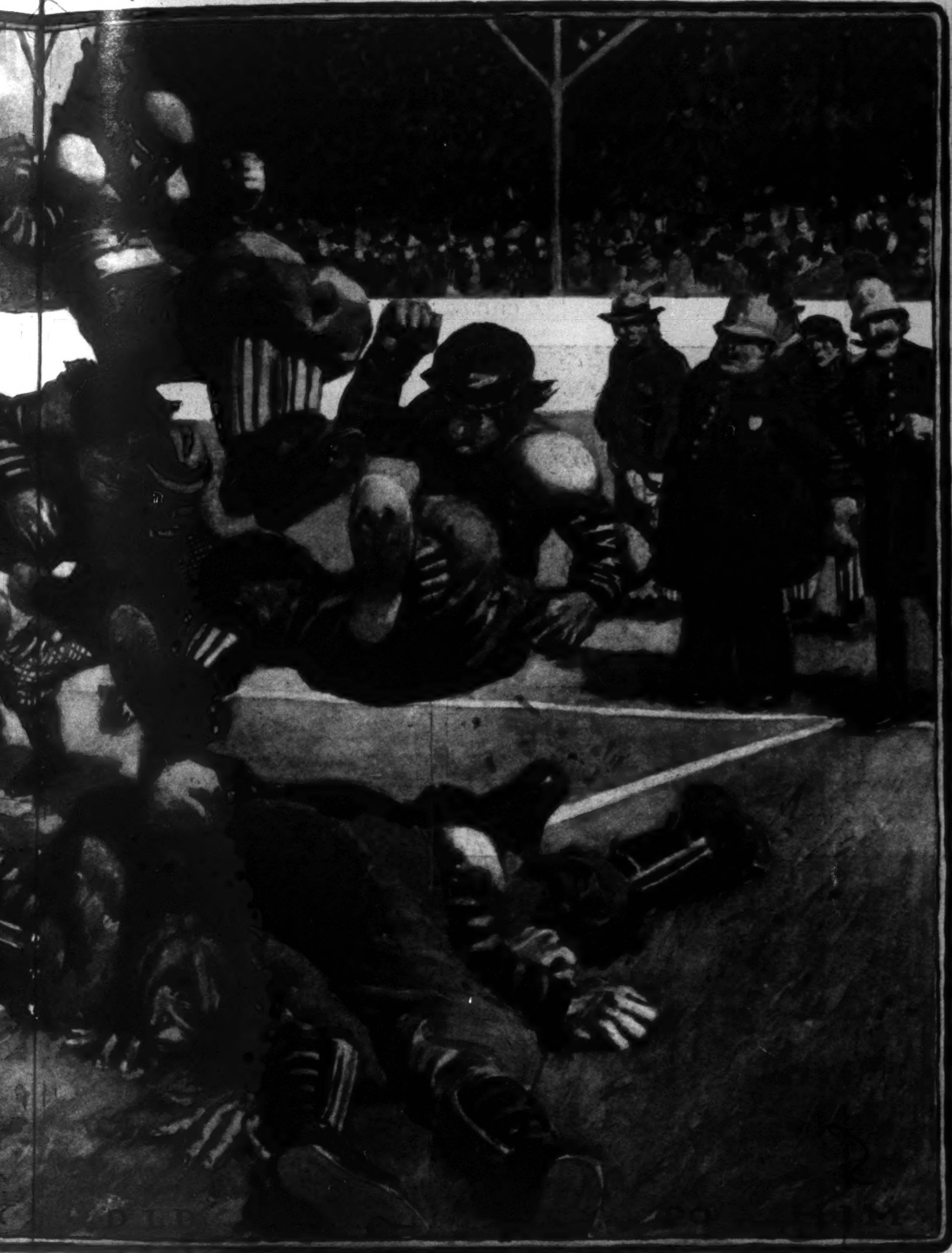

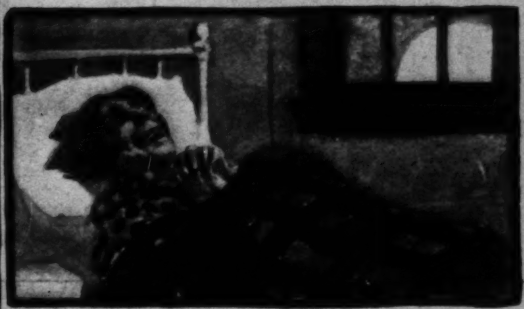

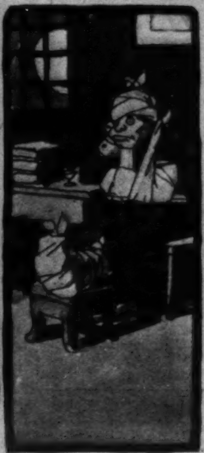

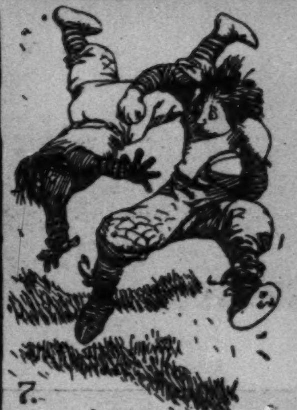

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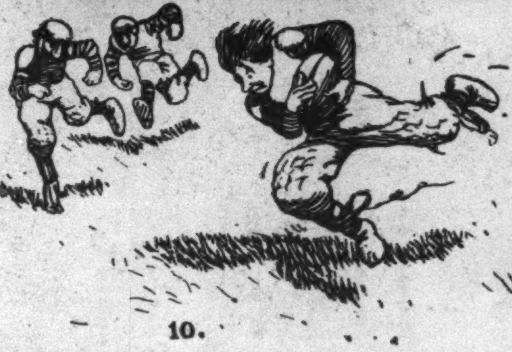

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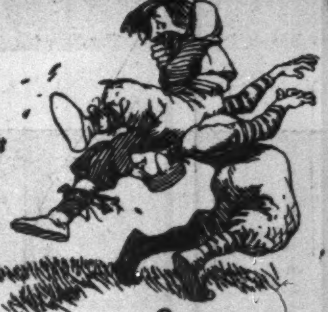

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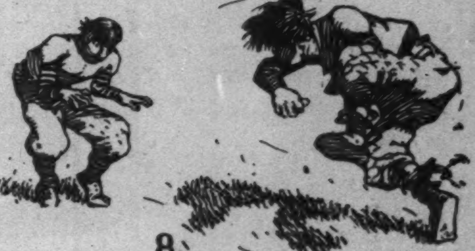

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-BACK'S DREAM

IN OLD FRANKFORT.

THE MARKET, COLOGNE.

ON THE UPPER RHINE

WEARY TRAVELLERS.

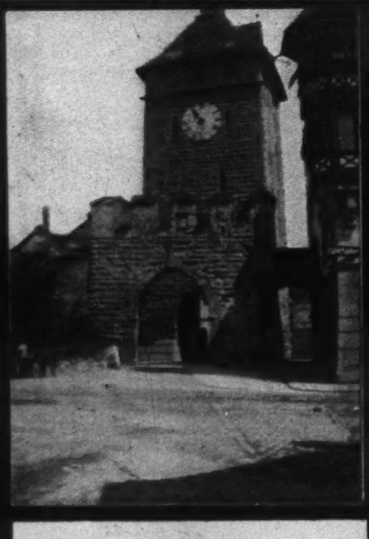
A CHILDREN'S PROCESSION, COLOGNE.

TIEFENKASTEN.

A RELIGIOUS PROCESSION IN COLOGNE.

CYCLING IN THE TIROL.

MALIX.



AN OLD PORT IN CONSTANZ.

STALLA.

ONE WAY OF SEEING SWITZERLAND.

IN SCHAFFHAUSEN.

THE DILIGENCE.

AN ARTIST'S CAMERA IN EUROPE.

PICTURESQUE VIEWS OF SWITZERLAND AND THE ~~RHINE~~ COUNTRY.

THE CARDINAL'S ROSE

BY van TASSEL SUTPHEN

SYNOPSIS

Nicholas Cary, a young New York newspaper editor, happens to attend an exhibition of the cinematograph. One of the pictures particularly strikes his attention. The scene is the Dover (England) pier, just before the departure of the mail-steamer for France. By an accident to the mechanism the picture stops suddenly, and it is seen that a young man in a fur coat has abstracted by stealth a small object from a despatch-box carried by his elderly companion. Through internal evidence in the picture, the time and other data of the occurrence are established. The London *Times* publishes an advertisement plainly referring to the lost article. Cary goes to Paris, ostensibly to tell what he knows, but really because he has become more than interested in the third person of the travelling party—a young woman. Arrived in Paris, Cary goes to the private hotel where General Czareska lives, together with his daughter Irma, Mrs. Verriker, her companion, and the Chevalier du Midi, who was the young man in the fur coat. It turns out that the missing object is the great ruby known as the "Cardinal's Rose." Cary is detained by force on suspicion of being concerned in the robbery. He afterwards becomes an ally of the Czareskas, and determines to solve the mystery. He obtains possession of the jewel, but it turns out to be only a clever imitation of the original. It develops that du Midi is the rightful heir to the crown of Aetolia, now worn by a usurper. The ruby is being used by his enemies, chief of whom is a certain Captain Coventry, to secure a loan from a well-known Paris banker. The Czareskas kidnap the banker and carry him off to sea on a yacht, thus preventing the consummation of the financial transaction.

CHAPTER XIX

THE LADY IN BLACK

THE Chevalier, the Baron, and myself are seated in the private saloon of a train denominated express by courtesy, and we have just crossed the frontier into Spain.

The Chevalier has made a clean breast of the whole perplexing business, and I know now what I have suspected all along to be the truth. From the first the boy had been nothing more than a tool in the hands of that rascally pair, Mrs. Verriker and Mr. Coventry. It was they who had contrived to cast suspicion upon the loyalty and good faith of General Czareska, and little by little the young man had yielded himself completely to their influence. Hence the incident of the "Cardinal's Rose." Coventry had persuaded du Midi that upon the possession of the great jewel depended the success of the entire movement. The ruby was the family property of du Midi, and surely he was justified in taking possession of his own wherever and whenever he could.

Finally, it was through Mrs. Verriker that Coventry had been able to keep in such close touch with his dupe. The Chevalier was to understand that all their plans would be ruined unless he obeyed instructions to the letter. He was to fall in with the General's wishes in order to avoid suspicion, but he must always be prepared to assert his independence when the word came. Consequently, he might go aboard the *Sea Fox* with the Czareska party, but he was not to leave the yacht without direct instructions from Coventry. And of course those instructions would never come so long as there was a chance that the patriot cause might be strengthened by the personal presence in the field of the young prince, their rightful lord.

It seemed incredible that Coventry should have been able to get du Midi so completely into his power, but as I thought it over I could make allowances for the boy. Yes; I could understand all that, but how to account for du Midi's sudden return to sanity? The Baron had undoubtedly informed him of Coventry's double-dealing, but the boy would still have demanded absolute proof. Had that been forth-coming? I looked at the Baron inquiringly.

"That is my secret for the present," he answered, smilingly. "It is enough that our young friend at last knows where he stands, and that we are on our way to Aetolia."

"Surely, Baron, you don't include yourself in that 'we'?"

"I am still on my well-earned vacation, and if I wish to take a little jaunt into Central Europe, who is there to object?"

"The detectives, perhaps. Remember that you are still the victim of an outrageous abduction, and half the secret police of Europe are anxiously seeking fame and fortune."

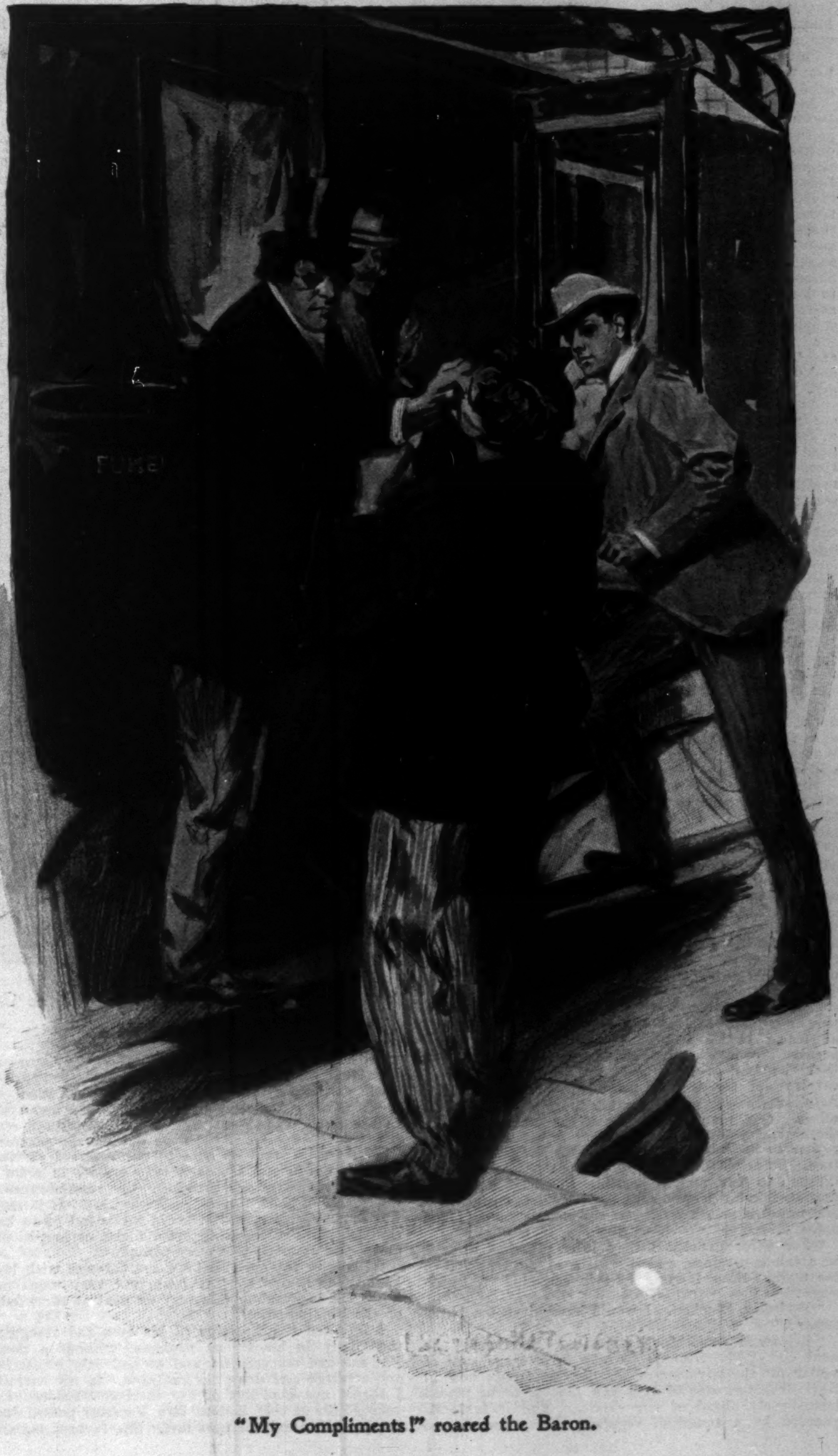
"True," returned the Baron, gravely, "and I shall accordingly proceed to shave off my beard."

With the aid of a safety-razor the Baron succeeded in changing his appearance to a marked degree, and at our first important stopping-place he managed to procure a red wig from a hair-dresser's stock. The metamorphosis is now complete, only the Baron has rather overdone it, and his extraordinary get-up is well calculated to attract the very attention that he is presumably anxious to avoid. The ill-fitting suit of dittos, the blue spectacles, the red wig—all these things fairly scream out the information that the gentleman is in disguise. However, the Baron carries it off with a humorous gravity, and I really think that he has regarded the whole affair as a joke from the beginning, and that he proposes to extract from it the last possible atom of mirth.

Rhodopolis at last! after fifty hours or more of jolting over those abominable Spanish and Italian railways, and with innumerable changes of cars. Here is the real beginning of our journey; we are in the heart of the enemy's country—I mean Soulia—and our every forward step must be beset with perils, both seen and unseen. But what would you, and to-day is July 8!

Rhodopolis is the most important railway junction in Soulia, and the terminus of the one line into Aetolia. Of course, we have been devouring every newspaper that we could obtain *en route*, and they have given a fair amount of attention to the Aetolian imbroglio. In brief, this is how the affair stands:

General Ghika, with a few thousand revolutionary troops, is at Markana, a village about six miles distant from Kar, the capital. Jehan is behind the walls at Kar, and has with him two regiments of Soulian regulars and a small number of Aetolian militiamen, who are in his service as a paid body-guard—the latter a poor lot, in every sense of the word. There have been a few skirmishes, but nothing in the way of a decisive engagement. Jehan's policy is to wait, and



"My Compliments!" roared the Baron.

Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 2283.

if he can hold out for two or three days longer the commissioner of the powers will undoubtedly decide in his favor.

There was one particularly disagreeable recollection connected with our few minutes' stop at Milan, for it was there that I fell under the uncomfortable impression that we were not yet through with Mrs. Verriker. I certainly saw her, or some one who resembles her remarkably, on the platform of the railway station. It was only a momentary glimpse; I had that curious feeling of being looked over, and glanced up to see a woman dressed in deep mourning just stepping into a forward compartment of our own train. Her face was covered with a veil, but there was something about the turn of the head that suggested my ancient enemy.

At one of the way-stations I got out and walked past the line of carriages, hoping to get another glimpse of the "lady in black." Still I could not suppose that madame would let herself be caught so easily, and I was not surprised to find the curtains of one compartment closely drawn. That in itself went to confirm my suspicions, for there was no one else on the train about whose identity there could be any question. I said nothing to du Midi, but I gave the Baron a hint of what was in my mind. He smiled. "Perhaps she is after the reward," he said, grimly.

Now, as we had learned from the newspapers, the Baron's abduction was still the reigning sensation of Europe. Kerker & Company had offered a reward of one hundred thousand francs for any information that might lead to the great financier's restoration to his sorrowing partners, and there were supplementary bounties for the apprehension of General Czareska and of my insignificant self.

As matters stood, our party would make a fine haul for some hard-working detective, and it was quite probable that the entire secret police of Europe were eagerly looking out for us. But, after all, I might have been mistaken about the "lady in black," and little by little the incident faded from my mind.

We had reached Rhodopolis about eight o'clock in the morning, and of course our first anxiety was centred upon the question of our further progress. Was the line to Kar still open?

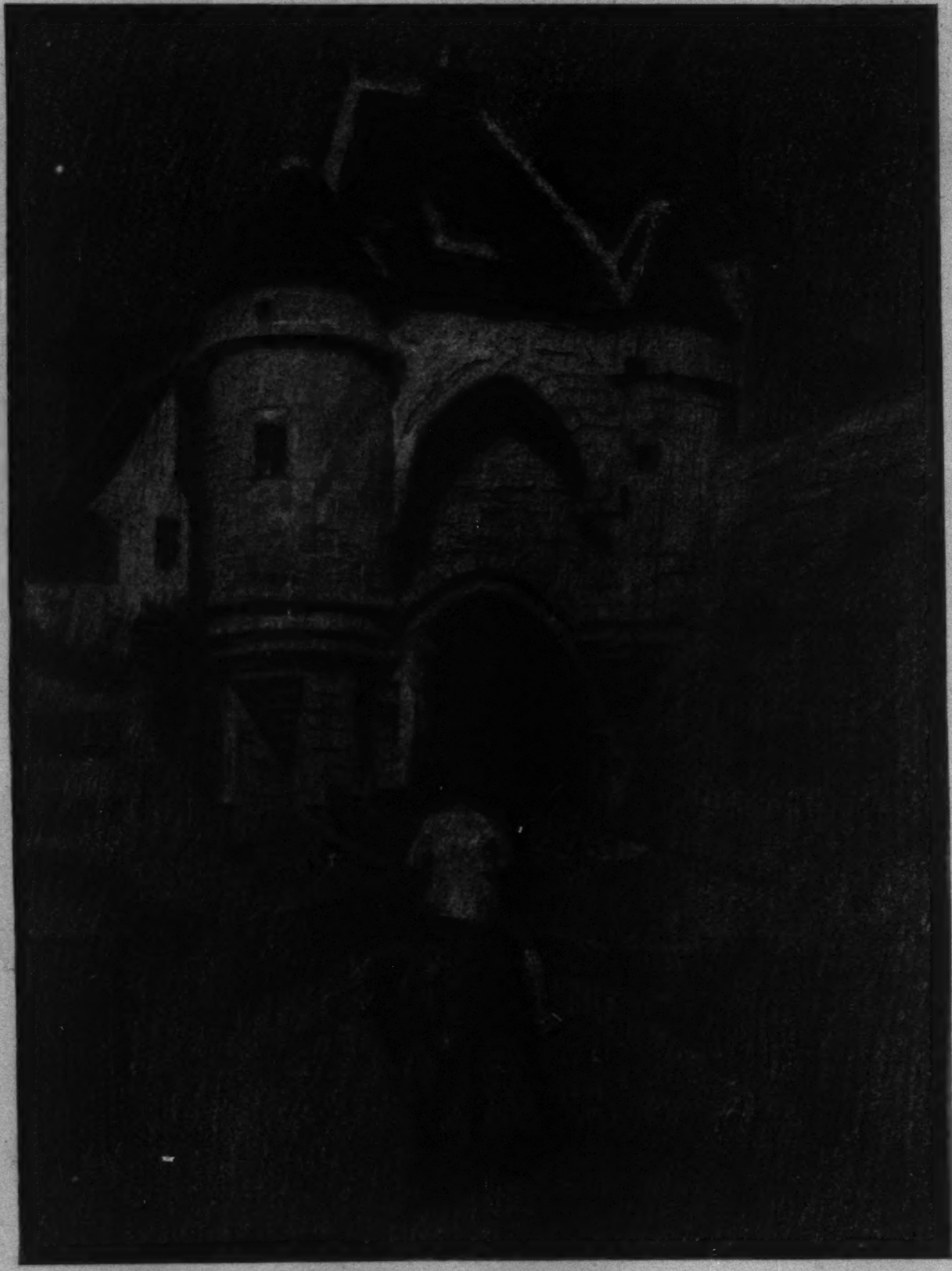
To my relief the official answered that the regular train would leave as usual at nine o'clock. It was reported that the insurgents had appeared in force at Markana, which is six miles from the railway, but as yet they had made no effort to interrupt railway communication. Still, the danger existed, and the company could not insure our safe arrival at Kar. If we took passage it would be at our risk. It is needless to say that the fear of being held up by General Ghika's cavalry did not trouble us much. Once across the Aetolian frontier and we could do very well for ourselves. Our plan was to leave the train at Nissa, the nearest point to Markana, but it would be hardly politic to intimate our intentions to the Soulian officials. So I told Stephan to have four passages booked through to Kar, and, if possible, to secure us a compartment in an empty carriage. He came back in a few minutes and handed me my change in gold and notes.

"For three napoleons they have promised to put on a saloon-carriage, and it will be at the rear end of the train. Have I done right in engaging it, Excellenza?"

"Perfectly, Stephan. I would have given ten if necessary."

"I learned something interesting, Excellenza," he went on. "The train is to take up a large sum of money for the payment of the Soulian troops now in Kar. The treasure is in a van that is to be placed immediately ahead of our carriage, and it is to be guarded by a squad of regulars. Ah, now, if we could but give our General a hint of what is coming!"

And, indeed, such a capture would be a glorious stroke in the patriot cause, for the information indicated plainly that King Jehan's mercenaries must be getting uneasy. But we could do nothing by way of warning our friends; we should be lucky to find a safe delivery for our own valuable persons.



I drew Rein before the great Gates of the Castle.

The train was already making up, and, as usual, we did not leave the station. The Baron cast more than one longing glance at a comfortable-looking restaurant across the way, with "*Café de Paris*" in big gilt letters on its sign-board, but it was too late in the day to be running any unnecessary risks. So we had to patronize the station buffet, and fill ourselves with cold chicken and with innumerable cups of scalding-hot tea.

The meal, such as it was, at least served to pass away the time, and the station clock showed that it wanted but fifteen minutes to the hour of departure. The train was standing at the platform, but the doors were still closed, and would not be opened until five minutes before starting-time. It was hot and stuffy in the refreshment-room, and a couple of small coins induced the doorman to let us out on the platform. The Chevalier went at once to our reserved carriage, but the Baron and I took a turn or two in order to finish our cigarettes. Suddenly the remembrance of the "lady in black" came back upon me. If it really was Mrs. Verriker, we had been lucky indeed to have escaped without receiving some token of her ill-will, and I said as much to my companion.

"Don't be too sure that we are through with her," he answered, coolly. "If I am not very much mistaken she is standing this very moment at the window of the booking-office."

I followed the direction of his eyes and recognized the "lady in black" as madame, without a doubt. But she had not seen us, and we had only to get into our carriage and draw the curtains. In my curiosity I thrust my head out of the carriage window. Provoking! for at that instant Mrs. Verriker passed down the platform and our eyes met. She favored me with an enigmatic smile, and quietly disappeared into the crowd. I was vexed at my imprudence, but when, five minutes later, the train pulled out of the station, it did not appear that any harm had been done. No one had attempted to interfere with us, and we were safely out of Rhodopolis and on the road to Aetolia.

The train proceeded at a fair rate of speed for a Continental express, and according to the time-card we should be due at Mitkoff, the last station in Soulian territory, about three o'clock in the afternoon. From there it was a run of fifty miles to Nissa, where we were to leave the train.

Mitkoff is a large town for Soulia, but we should stop only long enough to change engines. So the guard informed us, and the Baron, who was hungry again, felt inclined to grumble. There had been no chance for anything excepting a cup of tea and some fruit since we left Rhodopolis, and we should have been glad enough for a fair chance at the despised fare of the railway eating-house. But it was not to be, and consequently the Baron grumbled.

"You will have time to snatch up a chicken sandwich and a handful of olives at the buffet," I suggested, maliciously, and the Baron actually went into a fit of the sulks and declined to speak to anybody.

But when we had pulled into the station at Mitkoff he determined with a sigh to try his luck after all. "Perhaps they may have sausages," he said, more hopefully, as he plunged into the crowd around the copper samovars.

The fresh engine had been coupled on, and the guards were requesting the passengers to resume their places. Where was the Baron? Ah, there he comes, and with a smoking frankfurter in each hand; this is luck indeed!

"Hurry up!" I called, and then noticed for the first time the stout man in a tweed suit. He was blocking the Baron's way, with great deference, it is true, but none the less effectually.

"The Baron Kerker?" he inquired, politely. "An honor, indeed, gracious sir. This way, Volkmar," and two other men in plain clothes came up from behind and took their stations on either side of the financier.

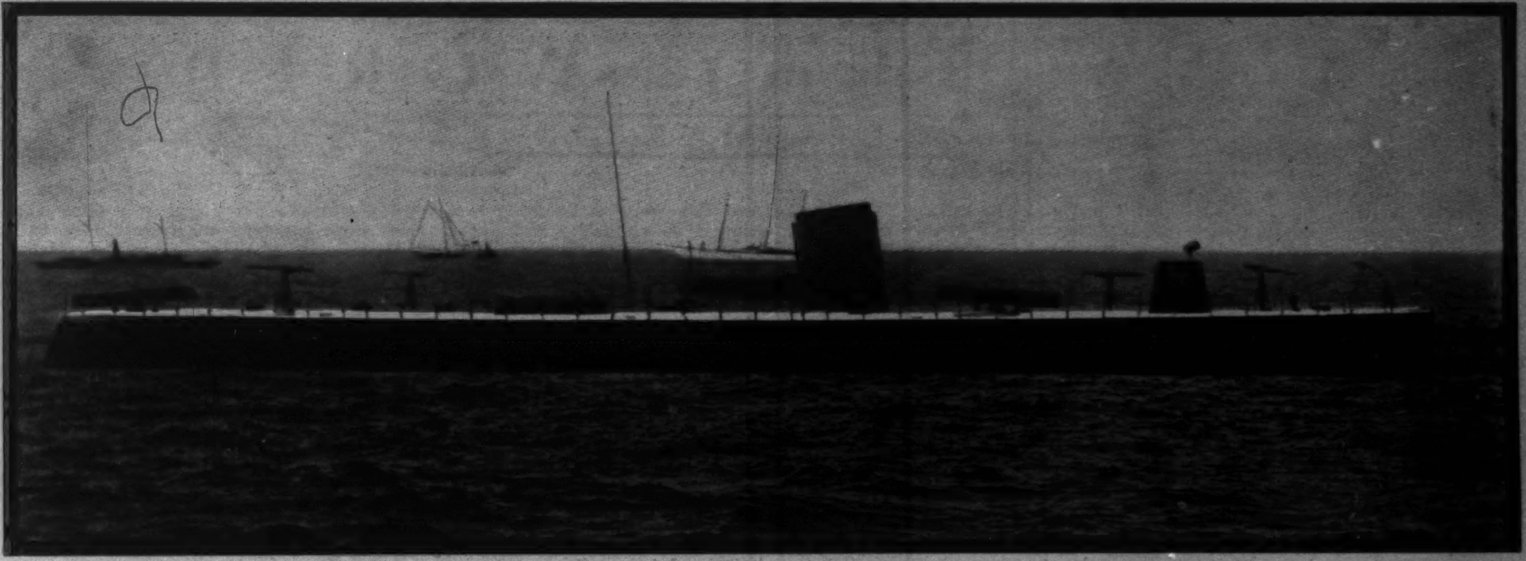
The Baron understood, and so did I. Under the stimulus of a reward of one hundred thousand francs these intelligent gentlemen had taken it upon themselves to rescue the kidnapped king of the Bourse from his humiliating captivity. It was of no use to make denial — they knew the Baron, and they also knew their business. With entire respect, but with irresistible force, the three detectives began to edge their prisoner little by little out of the crowd and away from the train. But the Baron was not to be taken without a struggle, and, recovering from his first surprise, he shook himself free and jumped forward. The stout man received the shock obsequiously, and at the same time contrived to turn the Baron off at nearly a right angle to his projected course. It was excellent "interference," but I too knew something of that trick, from those old-time Thanksgiving days on Manhattan Field. In an instant I had jumped behind the Baron and had clasped him about the waist. There was a crash, and the stout man went down, while the man on the right fell back, disabled for the moment by that sharp jab with the elbow point that is so effective in blocking off a too eager opponent. We were all but clear, with the door of our carriage before us. I jumped aside and wrenched it open.

"In with you, Baron," I cried, for already the train was moving.

The third man was close up. He forgot himself so far as to place a detaining hand upon the Baron's coat sleeve.

"But, monsieur—" he began.

"My compliments," roared the Baron, and hit straight out from the shoulder. The secret-service philanthropist fell into a disorganized heap, and Ste-



The Torpedo-Boat "Arrow."

The "Arrow" was recently launched at Nyack on the Hudson, and is designed to attain a speed of Forty-two Knots.

phan and I pulled the Baron on to the foot-board as the train rolled out of the station.

"The scoundrel!" panted the Baron. "Tried to deprive me of my vacation, did he, and expecting me to pay for the damage done? When I am ready to go back to Kerker & Company I shall rescue myself and claim the reward of my partners. Have a frankfurter?"

Of course it had been Madame Verriker who had prepared this agreeable interlude for us, by means of a telegram from Rhodopolis to the police department of Mitkoff. She could hardly hope to detain either du Midi or myself by this sham rescue of the Baron's person, and certainly it was too late in the day to expect that he would fulfil that old financial agreement. Probably her idea had been simply to punish the Baron for the part he had taken in thwarting her plans.

"A word with you, Excellenza," said Stephan, at my elbow.

"Well?"

"A despatch has just been received, saying that the revolutionists were advancing towards the railway. I overheard the commander of the soldiers talking with the guard ahead there."

Action at last! This was good news; our friends would be coming to meet us.

"And so the train will run through to Kar without making any stops. The orders are to pass the dangerous point at Nissa at full speed.

Indeed! But this was not so pleasant. If the Nissa stop was to be cut out, how were we to leave the train? Must we remain quietly shut up in our compartment until we were within the walls of Kar, and delivered like so many valuable express packages to Jehan and Captain Coventry? We looked at each other in dismay.

CHAPTER XX

THE "RED COCK" CROWS

STEPHAN is a resolute fellow, and his clever plan seems feasible. Just beyond Nissa there is a heavy up-grade of a mile or more, ending with a tunnel through the summit of the ridge. After the train has entered the tunnel he proposes to step out upon the foot-board and cut loose our carriage, which, as you will remember, is attached at the end of the train. We shall be carried back by the force of gravity to Nissa and to our friends, while the rest of the train goes on to Kar.

"You are sure that you can cut out the connections?" I inquired.

"Perfectly, Excellenza. I worked when a boy for two years in the machine-shops at Mitkoff."

"But we shall be smashed to pieces running backward down that steep grade."

"There is a braking-wheel on this coach, Excellenza."

Really there is no reason why we should not make the attempt. The tunnel makes the success of the ruse almost certain, for in the darkness the loss of the carriage will not be noticed at first, and the down-grade will be responsible for the rest. And so it is decided.

Three o'clock, and, as Stephan had predicted, we are passing the straggling little village of Nissa at express speed. It slackened as the train struck the heavy up-grade, but we were still going too fast to run the risk of a broken leg by jumping. Patience! and we should soon be making our entrance into Aetolian company comfortably seated in our private car and with the dignity becoming our importance.

The darkness of the tunnel fell like a curtain across the windows, and Stephan swung out upon the foot-board. Two, three minutes, and then I felt that our car was gradually slowing down. Now we had come to a standstill—we were beginning to move backward. Daylight again, and Stephan, black with dust and smoke, runs quickly along the foot-board and mans the brake on the rear of our carriage. Brave boy! He has done the trick with consummate neatness. The carriage rushes down the incline, rocking from side to side.

Ping!

It was the unmistakable sound of a modern military rifle. Again it came, and yet again. But who could be firing the shots, and whence did they come? A perfect fusillade this time, and now it was certain that the firing proceeded from a point directly behind our carriage, bearing in mind that we were now running in the contrary direction.

The Baron smiled knowingly.

"What is it, Baron?"

"Why, I ventured to make an amendment to Stephan's plans. I suggested it to him just before we entered the tunnel, and it seems that he accepted the hint."

"Kindly explain."

"Nothing, except that it was just as easy to cut out *two* carriages as one, and the van immediately ahead of ours contains the treasure-chest."

"And also the guard of soldiers," I retorted. "It's something like carrying off a bee's nest, isn't it?"

"Well, there's nothing like honey," replied the Baron.

It was indeed a brilliant stroke, and as a matter of fact we ran but a small extra risk. The soldiers had, of course, discovered that something must be wrong, but they were securely locked up in their van, and were stolidly contenting themselves with file-firing through the windows. There was neither sense nor argument in this sort of rejoinder, but the Soulian soldier was doing his duty according to his lights, and it was not our ammunition that he was wasting.

A crowd of wild-looking horsemen were galloping up and down the one street of Nissa as Stephan brought our "special" to a stop. Evidently they looked upon our arrival with suspicion, as well they might. What devil's train was this that had come out of the enemy's country, with no visible means of propulsion and towing that thundering volcano of a treasure-van? Some new and terrible engine of warfare, without a doubt. "To arms, brothers!"

The revolutionaries rallied nobly, and now a shower of bullets spattered spitefully around us. Luckily our patriotic friends were firing too high, but the situation was an uncomfortable one. Stephan was doing his best to enlighten his fellow-countrymen as to our identity, but in the noise and confusion his shouts and gesticulations passed unheeded. Then I remembered that I had a small Aetolian flag in my hand-bag. I routed it out and gave it to Stephan. He waved it vigorously, and the firing stopped. An officer rode up cautiously, and prepared to investigate. The Soulian soldiers in the treasure-van were still discharging volleys with monotonous regularity, but the direction of their fire was never altered, and it was consequently possible to approach our end without danger. A few words of explanation from Stephan and the officer appeared at the door of our saloon-carriage, cap in hand.

"The gentlemen expected by the General?" he said, inquiringly, in good French.

I managed in a few words to make the situation fairly comprehensible, and the young officer laughed heartily and invited us to descend.

"General Ghika is with the main body, and should be here within the hour," he went on. "You had better remain with me, gentlemen, but, in the mean time, what are we to do with the moving fort that you have brought along with you. *Peste!* My ear-drums are cracking already, and they have turned the railway station into a perfect sieve. I was instructed to have it put in order for the General's headquarters."

"Uncouple the van and have it pushed up the track for a hundred yards or so," suggested the Baron. "Then the 'yellow-legs' can use up their cartridge-belts without annoying any one, and after that you can bag them at your leisure. In the morning we can begin to pay off our brave men. May I be permitted to offer my services in a clerical capacity?" he adds, modestly. And forthwith the Baron Kerker is commissioned Paymaster-General of the Aetolian army, and authorized to open his ledger with the contents of the Soulian treasure-chest—when he gets it.

The advance-guard of the main body are beginning to come in, and the preparations for the bivouac make up a lively scene. Odd-looking soldiers, these poorly dressed peasants, their obsolete fire-arms eked out with scythes and billhooks. But they are a wiry lot of men, and even though they may be undisciplined and poorly equipped, the enemy is not much better off.

We have seen and talked with General Ghika, and the situation is beginning to clear up. He has but four or five thousand men with him, but they are all veterans, and the presence of Prince Infelix has put new hope into every heart. "We shall win! We shall win!" is heard on every side, and the tide of patriotism is rising fast. Already signal-fires are blazing on the mountain-peaks, and mounted messengers are spurring in every direction. By to-morrow we shall have ten thousand men to fill up our scanty ranks. None too soon, seeing that to-morrow is July 9.

General Czareska and mademoiselle are not with the army, but are occupying their own château of Saint Ilo, a scant league from the walls of Kar. It seems that the General has been unwell for the past few days, and it was thought best to keep him out of the saddle. At his own house he can be made more comfortable than anywhere else, and mademoiselle is of course taking care of him.

"But the position is an exposed one," said du Midi, frowning.

"Perhaps not so much as your Highness thinks," returned General Ghika, with easy assurance. "Our scouts have informed us that Jehan has withdrawn all his forces behind the city gates. The country-side is as bare as an egg."

"What force is there at the château?" I inquired.

The General had to admit that it was only a small detachment of infantry—a mere guard of honor. But what could happen? The enemy, as he had said, had shown no disposition for offensive campaign. They were safe behind the walls of Kar, and they had only to wait patiently for their deliverance to come to them.

"How far is it to the château?" demanded du Midi.

"Ten miles, your Highness, and a rough road."

"Mr. Cary and I will spend the night there, and you will detail a troop of cavalry as our escort. And now, General, for a soldier's supper!"

It was long after midnight before we were finally in the saddle, and, as General Ghika had informed us, the road was anything but smooth. The night, too, was intensely dark, and, until I learned to let my horse pick his own way, my steed and I were very far from being one. Naturally the intelligent quadruped objected to being forced into ditches and gully-holes, and as his protests generally culminated in an abrupt stoppage, with his forelegs planted widely apart, I spent most of the first quarter of an hour uncomfortably spread-eagled upon his neck. After that I gave him his head and we got along better.

It must have been about half after two when we entered a deep defile, the crags on either side ominously overhanging our path. And the darkness! I could not even see my horse's ears.

"Courage!" called back Narbo, for the young captain commanded our party in person. "The next turn and we shall be out in the open, and a scant mile away from the castle walls. If it were moonlight we should be able to see the château."

"And there comes 'Old Oliver,'" I answered, cheerfully, as we swing around a shoulder of the hills. A sullen glare hangs low on the horizon; the moon of war is rising blood-red.

"The moon! and in the west!" mutters Stephan.

And then we all spur madly forward as a great sheaf of sparks stands out upon the midnight sky. The "red cock" is crowing from the ridge-pole of the Château Czareska.

My horse is the best animal in the whole cavalcade, and I draw rein alone before the great gates of the castle. They stand ajar, and pinned by a poniard-point to one of the heavy oaken planks is something small and white, and oblong in shape—a man's visiting-card. It reads, in the fashionable block type, "Major Arthur Coventry, Imperial Soulian Engineers, Aetolian Contingent." And underneath, in pencil, are scrawled the initials "P. P. C."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THIS BUSY WORLD

BY E. S. MARTIN

THERE is a call that seems based on good sense and a very reasonable demand, for an international money, which shall be received at its face value anywhere in the civilized world. A Chicago man, who lately travelled about in Europe and went to most of the countries which travellers visit, was asked by the National Business League to report whatever he noticed that seemed worth telling about. This need of an international money was one of the things that impressed him. He took with him a ten-dollar Treasury note and had it changed into the money of every country he visited. When he got home it had shrunk through these processes of money-changing to $8 64. Of course the money that travellers use as they go along is not changed so many times and does not shrink so much. But it loses something every time it is changed, and though the travellers' loss is the money-brokers' gain, the support of money-brokers is not a public duty, whereas the saving of the funds of travellers is a matter in which increasing multitudes, especially of Americans, have personal interest.

A gentleman who carried some cigars with him in his wanderings over Europe, and computed what those he finally had left had cost him when the duties he had paid were added to the original cost, was of the opinion that for a traveller who was too fastidious to smoke the cigars of each country as he went along, smoking was a very expensive habit. There may be need of an international cigar, from which all countries shall agree not to derive revenue. That need, however, might be difficult to meet. But international money might be arranged for without serious difficulty if the governments of Europe and the United States could be brought to believe that it was worth their while to do it.

* * *

IN Poland a great story-writer is still a national institution, and his countrymen regard him as something more than a worker at a gainful trade. Doubtless, novel-writing in Poland is less gainful than in England and America, because the multitude who read Polish books is not such an illimitable host as that that now reads English. The great contemporary novelist of Poland is Henry Sienkiewicz. He is fond of country life, and as his labors seem not to have made him rich, his countrymen lately determined that they would provide for him a home that should be to his taste. About a year ago they began to raise 100,000 rubles (about $50,000) by popular subscription. The money came in, and when the fund was completed it was invested in a country estate in Kielce, about 140 miles southwest of Warsaw. The place includes several hundred acres of farming-land, well stocked, and with all the implements, buildings, and vehicles that are proper to country life. In this country the gift of a big country-place and farm to a writer who was not rich would mean something very much like ruin, but it must be different in Poland, for report says that Sienkiewicz has been installed with great rejoicings in his new home.

* * *

THE recent welcome in London of the returning Volunteers from South Africa was so strongly flavored with alcohol as to have stirred Lord Roberts to appeal to his countrymen not to show their good-will for his soldiers by getting them promptly drunk on their arrival home. His men, he says, have behaved well, and "borne themselves like heroes in the battle-field, and like gentlemen on all other occasions." "I therefore beg earnestly," he says, "that the public will refrain from tempting my gallant comrades, but will rather aid them to uphold the splendid reputation they have won for the Imperial army."

We know that Lord Roberts's standard of conduct is high, but it will be hard for even him to elevate the ideas of London in respect to hospitality. The Anglo-Saxon sentiment is deep-seated that the way to show good-will for a man is to buy him a drink, and if the feelings still demand expression, another drink, and if enthusiasm still continues, as many more drinks as he can hold. If anything can keep this sentiment within bounds in London when the Volunteers come home, it will be an appeal from Lord Roberts. It is like him to bestir himself in such a cause.

* * *

THERE are mental agitations which are possible to a city of the second or third magnitude which a city of the first magnitude can hardly hope to experience. Boston, for example, can be pervaded by waves of emotion which would diminish into ripples before they reached the limits of the greater masses which compose New York. Boston, again, may be stirred by demonstrations of individual energy which New York would notice in a less degree. In this superior sensitiveness there are advantages. Just now, for instance, Boston is a good deal stirred up about a house which one of her citizens is building on the outskirts of the town, and its agitation is rather enviable, for the builder is a citizen of note and the house promises to be a structure the like of which there is not in this land.

Mrs. John L. Gardner is the builder, and the site is in a part of Boston newly discovered—newly made, very likely—bordering on the region known as the Back Bay Fens. The site of this house is known: all further information about it is withheld. Mrs. Gardner is a woman of wealth, energy, ideas, and strong individuality. She is building her house with as much secrecy as possible. She once bought an old marble palace in Italy, had it taken apart, and brought the stones of it to Boston. This palace, it is believed, is to be incorporated along with other architectural loot into the new house, which is itself to be a palace, and is planned to be in harmony with its seasoned materials. Access to it is denied the curious, but the Boston *Transcript* has been making such observations of it as propriety admits, and tells of entrances that are architectural treasures brought from Europe, of Italian-Gothic balconies that are boarded over as soon as they are put in place, of columns, capitals, and carved window-frames, of a huge room 150 feet long and two stories high, of a cloistered court-yard, and so on. But what it reports serves rather to whet curiosity and inflame interest than to satisfy either. The builder's intention seems to be that her house shall make its first appearance in public as a finished structure.

Very interesting it all sounds. Mrs. Gardner has many remarkable paintings and great store of collector's junk, which will doubtless find a fit home in this building. Once the house is finished and filled, it will be seen, for there is nothing of the recluse about its owner.

* * *

IN South Chatham in Massachusetts the Robins family have lived for 60 years, or maybe more, in a house surrounded by a grove of chestnut-trees. Every one who has chestnut-trees on his place knows that in the fall swarms of marauders come to gather the chestnuts. The Robinses had suffered duly and long from the annoyance of these visits, but being subject to strong democratic convictions, had never been quite willing to put up trespass notices. They had discussed it for years, and resolved, and thought better of it, and re-resolved and hadn't done it. Finally, the place fell to C. Robins, and after meditating every autumn for eight years on the chestnut problem he hardened his heart and put up two notices. One read: "These chestnuts are for the children of South Chatham; other persons are requested not to take them." The other notice read, "Children of South Chatham will be welcome in this grove on Saturdays from 9 A.M. till 5 P.M., but not at other times." There is no more trouble about chestnuts in South Chatham, and the Robinses still feel easy in their democratic minds.

Doing things right is such a pretty art! Now as we look back how many of us are there who don't believe that the Philippines misery was mainly due to bad handling? C. Robins would have been warranted in issuing a proclamation of sovereignty in his chestnut-trees, for they were really his, but he thought of a better way. The worst way seems to have been good enough in the Philippines from the start. From nothing that gumption or timely courtesy could have saved us have we been saved. And yet our land fairly abounds in diplomatic persons who do their handling with their hands and their heads, and not with their feet. To gain the maximum of advantage or relief at the minimum cost of disturbance is the gist of diplomacy. What it has been in our hearts to say about the Philippines has been, "These islands are for the children of the Filipinos; other persons are requested not to take them." But because of distance, and because we had not eight years to think about it, and for other reasons, those notices have never been successfully put up.

* * *

SEVERAL times in this page of the WEEKLY reference has been made to the great stone wall in Copiah County, Mississippi. At irregular intervals the newspapers print something about this wall, and the stories are so extraordinary and so well authenticated that it seems odd that some institution of the country which includes antiquarian research among its aims doesn't send a competent examiner, with a hammer and a camera, to the State of Mississippi, and get to the bottom of whatever is there. The latest tale about these Mississippi wonders is printed in the New Orleans *Picayune*. It gives Mr. Thomas Watson, of Hazelhurst, Mississippi, as authority for the statement that in the southeastern part of Claiborne County there is a collection of structures made of stones, each 6 feet long, 3 feet wide, and 2 feet thick, which pervade an area four miles square. These stones are said to be joined together with excellent cement. They are thought to be a continuation of the great wall "which seems to begin below Raymond, in the southern part of Hinds County, and which is traceable through Copiah County. It is broad enough to accommodate two or three wagons abreast, and is one of the wonders of the world."

So says the *Picayune*, which seems to be quoting from the Hazelhurst *Courier*. Its general description of the wall tallies with others that have come from other sources. The Hazelhurst *Courier* says that Mr. Watson aforesaid knows more about the wall than any one else. He calls it the "Brandywine Stone Wall," and speaks of it as a structure, or parts of structures, for the most part buried in the earth, in the southeastern part of Claiborne County, and lying against the Copiah County line on the slopes overlooking the valley of the Brandywine Creek from the west side. At one place the top of the wall is exposed to a width of 60 feet and a length of 90 feet. At another place stone has been quarried from it to the depth of three layers of slabs. At another place the wall juts from under a slope for a distance of 2000 feet. The sides and angles of the big stones are described as so perfect as to be like pressed brick. Mr. Watson also speaks of cavings-in of the earth which suggest caverns, and are evidence to his mind of the existence of a great buried city.

It seems considerably easier to believe that Mississippi is carrying a large and valuable line of prehistoric ruins which are in pretty good repair than that all these stories which seem so explicit and so well attested are either untrue or substantially misleading. It seems strange that our own Museum of Natural History, which has been so zealous in investigating the ruins of Mexico and Central America, has not bestowed attention enough upon these tales from Mississippi to determine what there is in them.

* * *

A MEMORIAL to William Black, the novelist, is to be set up in the form of a beacon, on Duart Point, in the Sound of Mull, near Oban. Every one who knows Black's stories knows Oban, in the West Highlands of Scotland. A throng of tourists, including many Americans, go there every year, and will see the memorial. The beacon, a stone tower, has been designed by William Leiper, Esq., R. S. A. Its first cost will be about $5000, and when it is finished the Northern Light-house Board will undertake its care and maintenance. The Board considers a beacon on Duart Point necessary. The lack of one cost two wrecks last winter. It was at first proposed to establish a life-saving station in memory of Black, but the equipment of that would have needed renewal, and a beacon seemed simpler and better. Of the money needed, an American committee, consisting of Mr. Alden, of HARPER'S MAGAZINE, and Messrs. R. R. Bowker, Andrew Carnegie, J. Henry Harper, and W. M. Laffan of the *Sun*, has agreed to raise $1500. The money has already been advanced, but it is desired that the fund shall be as representative as possible. Mr. Black's friends and readers in this country are invited to send their subscriptions to Harper & Brothers, New York.

* * *

FOR the enlightenment of a number of inquirers it is hereby disclosed that the "Young Queen" who is the subject of the poem by Rudyard Kipling, in the WEEKLY for October 13, is Australia. She sent troops to South Africa to help the "Old Queen" out, and she lately formed a confederacy of her constituent colonies. The latter incident gives Mr. Kipling the occasion for his poem; the former one has doubtless to do with furnishing him with inspiration. The wonder is, when one considers the frequency and merit of Mr. Kipling's imperial poems, that Mr. Alfred Austin hasn't sued him for trespass.

* * *

ONE of the details of the benevolence of Mr. H. L. Higginson, of Boston, the chief promoter of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, and of Boston's new Symphony Hall, is a provision to sell, every year, a large number of seats at 25 cents apiece to lovers of music who cannot afford to pay a higher price. The idea, it seems, has found favor in the estimation of a Baltimore gentleman, Mr. Wyatt, who has bought forty season tickets to the Symphony concerts in Baltimore, which he divides between two institutions, for distribution to indigent but appreciative persons. No rights are reserved in this idea, and persons who are pleased with it are welcome to make use of it.

* * *

THIS year's enormous wine crop in France is welcomed with enthusiasm and popular rejoicings, and by none more sincerely—if the correspondents tell us the truth—than by the foes of rum. Drunkenness and alcoholism have been sore evils in France of late years, as all readers know, and there has been widespread organization to fight them. But all the mischief that intemperance does in France is laid to spirits. That there is harm or danger in any reasonable use of wine is something the Frenchman does not readily include among the ideas that govern his conduct. The laws which have lately been tried or discussed in France for the regulation of drinking have had to do with spirits. The tax on spirits has been increased (without perceptible good effect, we are told), the Norwegian system and the South Carolina system have been discussed, "anti-alcoholic" cafés have been opened, temperance instruction has been given in some schools, but the whole movement is against spirits. The idea that sound French wine is a mischief seems not to be entertained. When wine was universally drunk in France and there was plenty of it, there seems to have been little trouble about drunkenness. France was then a temperate country, and had the reputation of being so. Even now a great majority of French wine-drinkers are temperate. But spirit-drinking has increased enormously and done great harm. It is the hope of sagacious observers that if wine grows more abundant and cheaper the use of spirits will decrease, and so they welcome this year's enormous crop of grapes, and watch with solicitude for its effects upon the habits of the people.

Nature and Art

BY ERNEST NEAL LYON

HOW vast a difference! How far apart
Are perfect Nature and imperfect Art!
The cunning painter only can portray,
While God creates a sunset every day.

NOTES OF A BOOKMAN

IF Miss Braddon's story of *The Infidel* is a novel with a purpose, the purpose is successfully concealed. The infidel is a girl, whose father, an unfrocked clergyman, brought her up to disbelieve in Christianity. Her disbelief causes her no particular distress, and no anxiety, but in the course of an active and adventurous life she gradually parts with a great deal of it, simply because she develops a strong need of religion, and because the Christian religion turns out to be practically sympathetic to the aspirations and needs of a strong and noble character. It does not redeem her after she has played fast and loose with obligations, but it consoles and supports her in a struggle to be true to her conceptions of duty, and faithful to a rash and unlucky undertaking. It is a sweet and wholesome book that Miss Braddon has written about her infidel. It is an eighteenth-century book, with Whitfield and the Wesleys in it, with much about the great Wesleyan revival and a little about the French-English war in America, with echoes of Selwyn and Horace Walpole, and edifying associations with the London court and the London slums. There is a good deal of religion in it and no court at all. It begins in religion where Mr. Lane in his book leaves off, and incidentally, and without sign of purpose prepense, it works to a fairly satisfying conclusion the problem that Mr. Lane gives up. Mr. Lane's man, trained in the faith, lost faith and took to science, which may have brought him back to faith, though Mr. Lane does not suggest it. Miss Braddon's woman, trained in infidelity, took somewhat desperately to good works and the Bible, and ignoring theologies, found faith enough to live by and live nobly, which is all that any of us needs.

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If it is an objection to a novel of entertainment that it is hard, once we read it, to get it out of one's head, *The Lost Continent* is open to that objection. It tells the story of the collapse of *Atlantis*, which happened, if it happened at all, in prehistoric times and so far back that all we think we know about it rests on the thinnest fable. So Mr. Cutcliffe Hyne has had nothing to go by except some soundings in the South Atlantic and the surmises of scientists about mundane conditions in the early days of earth. All the rest of his book—practically all of it—is a product of the imagination. One opens such books gingerly, protesting that they are not true anyway, and that they are probably more or less dull, and not worth spending, or even wasting, time over. That certainly is not true of Mr. Hyne's book. It is a lively story, written in an excellent style, and interesting from beginning to end. If any one is prepared to assert that it is not a true story, in that Atlantis and its people were probably not such as Mr. Hyne has represented them to be, he is welcome to that opinion and to the arguments that may support it. At any rate, Mr. Hyne's Atlantis will be a good enough Atlantis for most readers. His head man, who tells the story, is one Deucalion, the hero of his age, sent to govern the province of Yucatan, and recalled when Atlantis had come under the dominion of the Empress Phorenice. The main interest of the story is a human interest, which centres in Deucalion, who may be compared to a Roman of the Republic brought suddenly back into the Rome of Nero. And there is Phorenice, the bad empress, prodigious in her abilities and without fear or compunction; and Zais, strong and lovely, fit mate for Deucalion; and Ylga, the fern-girl; and Tob, the mariner; and Zaemon, the high-priest—all well-drawn characters and alive. Mr. Hyne has dealt ably, too, with the possibilities of his setting. His prehistoric sea-voyages, planned in the hope that at least half the crew will survive the scurvy; his wonderful sea-monsters; his man-eating birds, and enormous lizards, and cave tigers and mastodons; his high magic; and his earth, half baked still, but already peopled with formidable and progressive humans—it is all very cleverly and intelligently worked in. The author seems to know his geology, his biology, and whatever other branches of science could throw light on his work, and also to have read the Bible.

We know that in the early days there were such animals as he describes; but were there such men and such women; and was there ever on earth such knowledge of Nature's mysteries and such command of her hidden forces? Nimrod was a mighty hunter; Semiramis was a mighty queen. Moses did strange things in Egypt; there seem to have been floods in the earth since it became Man's home; a race that has utterly passed away built great cities in Yucatan; as long ago as the Book of Job was written there was a philosophy in the earth as profound as any philosophy of our day. As far back as any record goes we find the wise men of earth as wise men in many particulars as any of the wise of our own generation. Mr. Hyne's book is more than merely amusing. The thoughts in it are grown-up thoughts. One does not lay it down and say that it is diverting nonsense. He wonders if in the old, old days the earth and its people were really anything like that.

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THE DRAMA

COMIC opera seems to meet the most exacting requirements satisfactorily nowadays when it provides entertainment. There has long been lamentation in certain quarters that this form of musical art had lost the qualities that once made its purpose somewhat higher. This view always made it necessary to recall regretfully the best days of Offenbach, Gilbert & Sullivan, and Strauss, and draw from their works when in their bloom discouraging conclusions as to the worth of contemporaneous composers and libretto writers. The futility of this view became more and more apparent as the operettas continued to appear, and were quite the same in character that they had always been since talk of their decline in quality began. There were no new Offenbachs or Sullivans to compose scores equal to the work of these two men in their prime, and there was no W. S. Gilbert to inspire them if such men had existed. Comic opera is always in demand, however, and it had to be provided by the men who could do it best, even if they were not equal to the greatest. The grade of their talents made comic opera what it is to-day, and it must be judged by other standards than those used to estimate the work of the most famous men in the field. Viewed in this light, contemporary comic opera reaches a commendable level, and this is, indeed, the only just way to regard it.

* * *

TWO specimens of this art form have been on view recently in New York, and it needed only a knowledge of both to realize how impossible it would be to measure their merits by the same criterion. One of these was "The Mikado," a masterpiece in its field, and the other is "Foxy Quiller," the latest result of Reginald de Koven and H. B. Smith's collaboration. The Gilbert & Sullivan work represents, of course, the best specimens of English operetta in existence. The new American work is a very admirable example of the later-day comic opera, that is devised merely to entertain, and is made to do it without any particular standard of selection where the means to this end are concerned. The older work has indeed entertained more audiences probably than any other comic opera in the language, but other characteristics were kept in view when it was written. One of the most notable differences in the schools represented by the two operettas is found in the importance placed on this feature of the work. Every comic opera is, of course, written to entertain its hearers. Whether this is to be done in any way whatever, or only by the most artistic and legitimate means, is the point at which the makers of these contemporary operettas depart from the example of their predecessors.

* * *

"FOXY QUILLER" gets its name from one of the characters that H. B. Smith created for "The Highwayman." The stupid, blundering, and conceited detective of that operetta has been made the principal figure in the new work, and is acted by Jerome Sykes, who embodied Mr. Smith's comic hero in his first form. In the present instance he is involved in a Corsican vendetta, through his efforts to catch a thief, who he finally decides must be himself. He is so convinced of his own guilt that he is on the point of suffering the penalty for it when the real robber confesses and saves him. Mr. Smith's detective has the same amusing habit of referring to himself in the third person, and some of his speeches have a degree of comicality that does not come from this device. Mr. Sykes's fund of natural humor may not be deep or unctuous, but he is a finished comedian, his personality is agreeable, and he has a good enough singing voice for his purposes. He and Mr. Smith made an amusing and taking hero out of the thief, and the character has been elaborated expertly, for it is emphasized and expanded just enough without being made tiresome or unduly preponderating. This feature of the librettist's work is the most satisfactory. The intrigue is not novel nor very ingenious, and wit in the lines is not frequent. The amusing detective is placed among picturesque scenes, however, and his adventures supply fairly diverting action and attractive episode. The Klaw & Erlanger Comic Opera Company is the strongest organization of the kind that New York has heard in a long time, and would lighten any librettist's task. So its members were able to add charm to parts of "Foxy Quiller" not nearly so good innately as the scenes in which the detective appears. Mr. de Koven's score contains one or two numbers equal to the best he ever wrote. It is generally marked by the simple rhythms characteristic of his music, and its harmonic effects are not complicated. The score of the first act is somewhat monotonous, but contains one charming number, and the peddler's song is certainly to be included among the composer's happiest efforts. The book and music represent the work of two experienced men, who know what the public demand is in works of this kind, and always succeed in varying degree in supplying it. "Foxy Quiller" shows Mr. de Koven in better mood than usual in his later operettas, for the rest of a year has freshened his inspiration, and Mr. Smith's libretto is rather above the average. So "Foxy Quiller" meets the prevailing standard and supplies a good entertainment. As little more is demanded now it may rightly be put down as a very successful effort in its class.

* * *

MAY IRWIN and Peter Dailey are tried entertainers who might seem as well displayed in one play as another, since their personal qualities are to an unusual extent the source of their success; and whatever the share of their associates in a play may be, or whatever the scene in which they may appear, it might be thought that Miss Irwin or Mr. Dailey must be as amusing as ever. But the personal note in these performances is not always so predominating as it seems. Miss Irwin is, to be sure, more of "The Belle of Bridgeport" than she ever was of any play in which she appeared, and potent as her personal humor always is, this has been found to be one of the faults in the farce that has introduced her this year at the Bijou. She is as smiling and unctuous as ever, and sings a few songs below her usual quality with the same appreciation of negro humor and unique ability to express it comically and without vulgarity. She is shown in the play in charge of her father's department store, conducting it according to her own ideas; in control of a rehearsal of amateur actors; and presiding at the business session of a woman's club. These are situations of the kind that show Miss Irwin's fun at its best, and there was every reason why she should have been seen in them to as much advantage as ever. Glen MacDonough, who has already written several clever and serviceable farces for the same actress, proceeded in this case in accordance with his customary formula. But his work fell below what he had done for her in the past. If the play alone had been below her average, Miss Irwin's return to New York might have been more successful. But her eight songs had less merit than her usual répertoire contains, and if there were actors in the company capable of improving the general effect by their talents they had no opportunity to do it. Miss Irwin was as funny in the main as she usually is, but her present play proves that even the most popular personalities can rarely afford to rely on their unaided efforts. In the case of this actress it must be borne in mind that Miss Irwin has now returned to New York for four or five seasons in plays so generally alike that it is difficult in recollection to remember the little difference between them. Her audiences have grown familiar with the kind, if not weary of it, and betterment, rather than deterioration, would seem necessary. A large part of her public would like to see her in a somewhat more ambitious line of work, and so make an effort at plays in which her skill as an actress might be tested. For she has talents in that field that are more attractive than her facility as a mimic or a singer of negro melodies. But the actress probably feels that she knows best what her public demands, and clings to the musical farce in which she was first popular. Peter Dailey relied with equal confidence on what he could do without assistance when he came forward in "Hodge, Podge, & Co." at the Madison Square Theatre. That farce is said to possess a remote German ancestry. Beyond Mr. Dailey's Tyrolese costume there is little or no trace of it now. There would seem, indeed, little dramatic origin of any kind in the work as it stands. Songs by Mr. Dailey, songs by his associates, and then songs by the chorus make up the monotonous progress of the entertainment. Some of this series are attractive, and the comedian has in Christie Macdonald at least one assistant of very positive charm. But, like Miss Irwin, he has relied on himself, rather than anybody else, and in the lack of any suggestive dramatic material in his play he has undoubtedly followed the only possible course. What the ultimate effect of that will be depends entirely on the degree to which his admirers will be satisfied with only his talents. His audacity in humor, his spontaneity, naturalness, and elephantine grace, were never better displayed, and for admirers of Mr. Dailey that ought to be enough to make his entertainment liked.

Adolf Zink, Harry McDonough, and Jerome Sykes in "Foxy Quiller."

* * *

THE season of opera in English at the Metropolitan has found its greatest material and artistic success so far in Gilbert & Sullivan's operetta "The Mikado." The performance fully deserves the popular favor with which it was received. The music has never before been so well sung in New York, and, contrary to expectations, the wit of the lines was not lost in the great auditorium of the theatre. The singers spoke them audibly, and generally with intelligence, and they enunciated the verse of the lyrics clearly enough to give them their full value. The large chorus, more numerous and better drilled than any ever employed before in local representations of the work, gave an interesting spectacular element to the proceedings. The success of this revival will probably turn the attention of the managers of the company toward comic opera, and so long as such admirable performances are given, its greatest opportunity seems to lie in that direction. There are evidences of public indifference to its generaliy competent representations of grand opera in the vernacular. Whatever their quality may have been, it was always possible, after the first week or two of the season, to enjoy the opera which was sung. Those persons in the audience who were attracted by an admiration for the work itself, and a desire to hear that, had no reason to be dissatisfied. The orchestra and the singers were capable of efficient and intelligent interpretation of the works they attempted. "Faust," "Carmen," "Lohengrin," "Romeo and Juliet," and other operas were well enough done to meet the requirements of audiences that wanted to hear the music and witness the action of the works they were fond of. But it is the singers that the New York public desires to hear, rather than the music. So "The Mikado," given exceptionally well, has been preferred to the fair performance of the serious operas found in the Metropolitan répertoire during the regular seasons.

LAWRENCE REAMER.

*Mr. Dooley**

NO. XLVI.—ON THE ROMANTIC NOVEL

"WELL, sir," said Mr. Dooley, "now that th' campaign's over an' they'se less call on me time to administher slugs iv dhrinks an' pollytical economy to me frinds an' counthrymen, I'm goin' to raysume me r-readin'. I've laid in a stock iv historical romances, an' feel as though I was livin' back two hundhred years, with a soord in me hand, a row iv tucks on me pants, an' me face full iv onfamilyar wurruds. Bodzooks, I do, Hinnissy."

"What's a historical novel?" Mr. Hennessy asked.

"Marry come off," said Mr. Dooley. "Don't ye know? Todslones, if I had me cleaver on th' bar I wud smack thee f'r a ham-headed fluke. Idzims, I wud. Odswounds, egad, th' wench speeks th' thruth."

Mr. Hennessy moved cautiously away, and measured the distance to the door, but Mr. Dooley's fit was over. He smiled proudly, and resumed his ordinary speech: "Th' historical romance is a story, Hinnissy, about something that didn't happen befure ye was bor-rn. A few years ago Hogan, that does most iv me r-readin', was hurtin' his eyes over what he called reelism. That's where a modest sewin'-machine marries a rayspictable grocery store, an' they talk f'r th' r-rest iv th' book about who shall wind th' clock. Hogan says they was a revulsion again' this sort iv thing. It came with prosperity. Durin' hard times people r-read about Dinnis comin' home at night an' throwin' a plate iv warrumed-over mutton at th' wife, an' they'd exclaim, 'Great Hivens, how thrue to nature!' But whin people begun to get dividends fr'm th' busted banks, an' pay day become less jerky an' irreg'lar, they had to have a taste iv rale rayfined life, an' th' historical novel come in. I always want to believe sthrange things, an' th' on'y thing that prevints is they don't seem probable. Ye see, Hinnissy, a romance is what happens to people ye don't know an' can't guess. So th' game's over now. Th' polis have kilt it.

"But people have got to have thim, so th' romancecers pushes th' story back a few hundhred years. I niver cud think iv George Wash'nton without knee-breeches, a coat with tails onto it, an' his hair done up with a rat in front an' a braid behind. Don't ye tell me he iver wore a night-shirt an' hung his wig on th' back iv a chair. I know he wint to bed in thim clothes, with th' constitootion iv th' United States in his hand an' a soord at his side. Poor Mrs. Wash'nton!

"Well, annyhow, with th' time far enough off th' r-rest is aisy. Th' hero ought to be fr'm Virginia or Maryland; it makes no difference which. People will believe annything about them States. 'Tis not essintial that he shud be a frind iv George Wash'nton, but he ought to be. Th' number iv frinds George had, 'tis a wondher he wasn't ilicted Prisidint forty years befure he wint in. Well, sir, this la-ad is th' greatest thing that ever happened. He rides horses that 'd make a bronco buster think he was settin' in a rockin'-chair beside th' fire; he can shoot th' eye out iv th' Goddess iv Liberty on a dollar as far as he can see a dollar, an' that's as far as th' human eye can reach; he's th' gr-reatest soordsman that iver lived; he's as larned as th' libraryan iv a circulatin' library; an' he can thrack th' dusty savage to his lair be th' dents his mocassins makes on th' autumn leaves. But he's picked up all these things in th' dar-rk, mind ye. He's told no wan. On'y Jooboob, his nayger slave, an' Umimumimipapa, th' faithful Indyun chief (Harvard, '84), knows what th' la-ad can do. But th' r-reader is on, an' 'tis th' business iv th' romancecer to keep puttin' champeens iv all these games again' th' unknown. First come, first served; give or take tin pounds; white or r-red. Lord Philip Flutters, th' best soordsman at th' Coort iv King Mike I., insults th' flag iv his counthry, an' th' boy sticks him through th' vest. Th' Indyuns bust into th' settlemint, an' with wild savage yells murdher women an' childher. Darin' Dick chases thim to th' distant woods, an' sthrews th' ground with th' lavin's iv thim. Th' R-right Rivrend Aloysius Moses McGlew, D.D., Ph.D., G.P.A., attempts to put him out iv th' business on th' question iv whether Lamarxus, or what-d'ye-call him, said so, an' Dick proves be quotations fr'm th' wurruks iv Mux Appendicitus an' th' larned Sozdolajinus iv Athens that such is not th' case. He does all this f'r th' love iv a beautiful girl an' to sell th' book. Does th' girl love him? She does, faith. Says he, 'D'ye love me, Mary Ann?' Says she, 'With all th' wealth iv me young heart.' 'Gawd help me,' says he. 'I will force ye to care f'r me.' An' he goes on bustin' horses an' killin' frinds. No way like that to win a girl. What a woman needs ar-round th' house is, not a good provider, but a husband that can break anny horse that comes nosin' at th' dure.

"Well, afther this la-ad has won th' welter-weight champeenship iv Maryland an' Virginia, th' Naytional Spoortin' Club iv London asts him to cross over an' thry out some iv th' best there. Just as he's stheppin' off th' boat he meets th' king. 'Tis sthrange how th' heroes iv thim romances was always bumpin' into monarchs. Kings must have been as common as cabmen. 'Get out iv me way,' says th' king, givin' him a rile kick. 'What boots it?' says th' gallant young American, crossin' th' king to th' pint iv th' jaw. 'Whinizads, but it fares ill with anny cotchen fodden footh iv monarchy,' he says, 'that hists an American citizen,' he says. 'Who is yon fearless divvle?' says th' king to wan iv his gang. 'Grammercy, but he's made me rile face to ache like it has not since dashin' Nelly Glim won me love be bastin' me with an orange basket,' says he. 'That's Dick Playhell, th' American welter weight,' says th' coort-yard. 'He's a welter all r-right,' says th' gay monarch. 'I'll have to take him ar-round an' inthrajooce him to th' la-ads,' he says. So he carries him off to a gin-mill where th' king done his dhrinkin' in thim days, an' inthrajooces him to Willum Shakspere, Charles James Fox, Queen Victorya, Impror Willum, Alexander th' Gr-reat, Joolyus Cæsar, Willum Jennings Bryan, Robert Fitzsimmons, Punchus P. Pilot, Lord Guffe, an' all th' gr-reat heroes iv antikity, who ar-re shakin' dice f'r th' dhrinks, an' he makes hares iv all iv thim at larnin', at doolin', an' at dhrinkin'. Alexander th' Gr-reat, who is full iv r-rum, becomes angry at th' la-ad's popylarity. 'Can ye r-ride a horse betther thin I can?' says th' monarch. 'I can make ye'er majesty look like a feather bed on a camel,' says th' lad. 'Bodsfish,' says th' king, 'but that was a hot wan. Be me holy dome, me troth, eke, i'faith, th' American hands thim out sthraight fr'm th' chafin'-dish.' 'I'll bet ye,' says Alexander th' Gr-reat, 'eight millyon boboes that ye can't,' says he. 'Done,' says Dauntless Dick. So they throts out Booceph'lus, that Hogan tells me was Alexander's horse, an' he bucks th' monarch off an' breaks his collar bone. 'Wotrot!' exclaims Charles James Fox, 'candfish! but his majesty made a dent. He was horsed be his throne, an' now he's thrown be his horse.' This is th' first time this joke was iver sprung. 'Now lave me thry,' says Dare Divvle Dick. An' he wint up to th' plug that was leapin' over th' tops iv houses an' breathin' fire like as though his nose was the blast at th' rollin'-mills. 'I wint up to him in th' manner I had been taught be George Wash'nton, an' spoke to him in his ear some wurruds I was taught be me faithful Umimumimipapa, to wit, "Soo boss." Then suddenly I jumped into th' saddle as he was crouchin' at me feet an' away we wint. Up Tottenham Coort Rood, beyond th' railroad thracks, acrost th' Liffey, over Parlymint, into Cinthral Park, leapin' church spires an' over fixed stars, an' crushin' in our path dukes, duchesses, flower girls, shop girls, polismen, editors iv newspapers, an' kings, we flew, but he cud not shake me off. He bucked an' jumped, rolled over like a puff-ball, sat first on his haunches, an' thin on his head, dove into th' river, an' floated undher wather f'r manny miles, but he cudden't dislodge me. I pulled th' snaffle, loosed th' curb, an' brought him to a standstill on th' table in th' tavern where I'd left th' comp'ny. Even thin he reached ar-round an' thried to bite me, but I thrust me leg to th' hip down his throat, an' thin crookin' me knee, a thrick I had been taught be Willum Penn, I give him a cross buttocks throw that I'd larned fr'm Cotton Mather, an' hurled him onto th' form iv his prostrate masther. "A horse on Alexander," says Shakspere, laughin' heartily, an' th' king ordherin' up a ton iv sack, they pledged me health in brimmin' shawmuts.'

"Ye can see, Hinnissy, that this la-ad cudden't happen nowadays. He cudden't find th' horses nor th' s'ciety. But he was good thin. I won't undhertake to tell ye iv th' things he done in deetail to win th' heart iv th' lovely girl who was tellin' him that she loved him through a megaphone. He jined Paul Jones, an' sailed his ship acrost Scotland; he fought a dool a day, an' come to in th' ar-rms iv th' crool woman whose love he sought. Afther stickin' all th' nobility in England with his soord, he come home an' took charge iv th' Rivolution, which he won in a canther. Thin he sought out th' woman he loved, an' she threw her ar-rms ar-round his neck, an' befure they cud be split out th' parson crept up behind him an' marrid thim. All these things he told to his gran'daughter, who set thim down with her own fair hand."

"His grandmother!" said Mr. Hennessy.

"No, his gran'daughter," said Mr. Dooley, "and she believed him."

"Thim things cudden't happen," said Mr. Hennessy.

"Annything cud happen that far back, whin they wore romantic clothes," said Mr. Dooley.

F. P. DUNNE.

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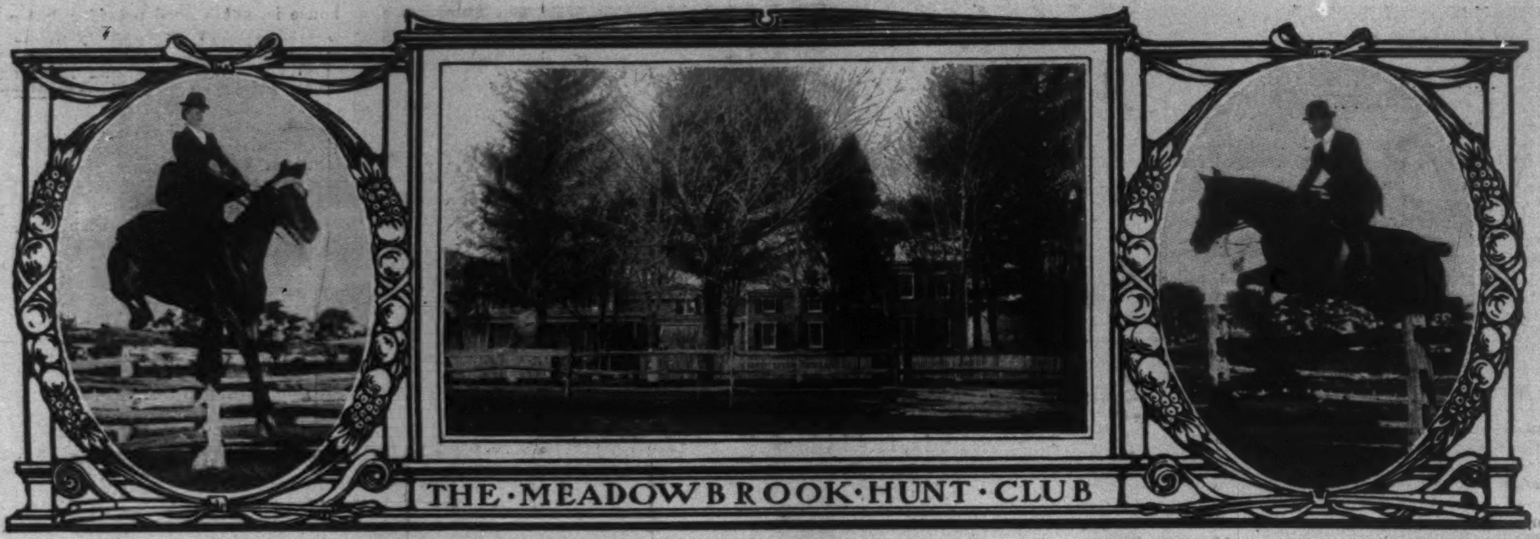


THE·MEADOWBROOK·HUNT·CLUB

FOLLOWING DRAG-HOUNDS

BY RALPH N. ELLIS, M.F.H., MEADOWBROOK CLUB

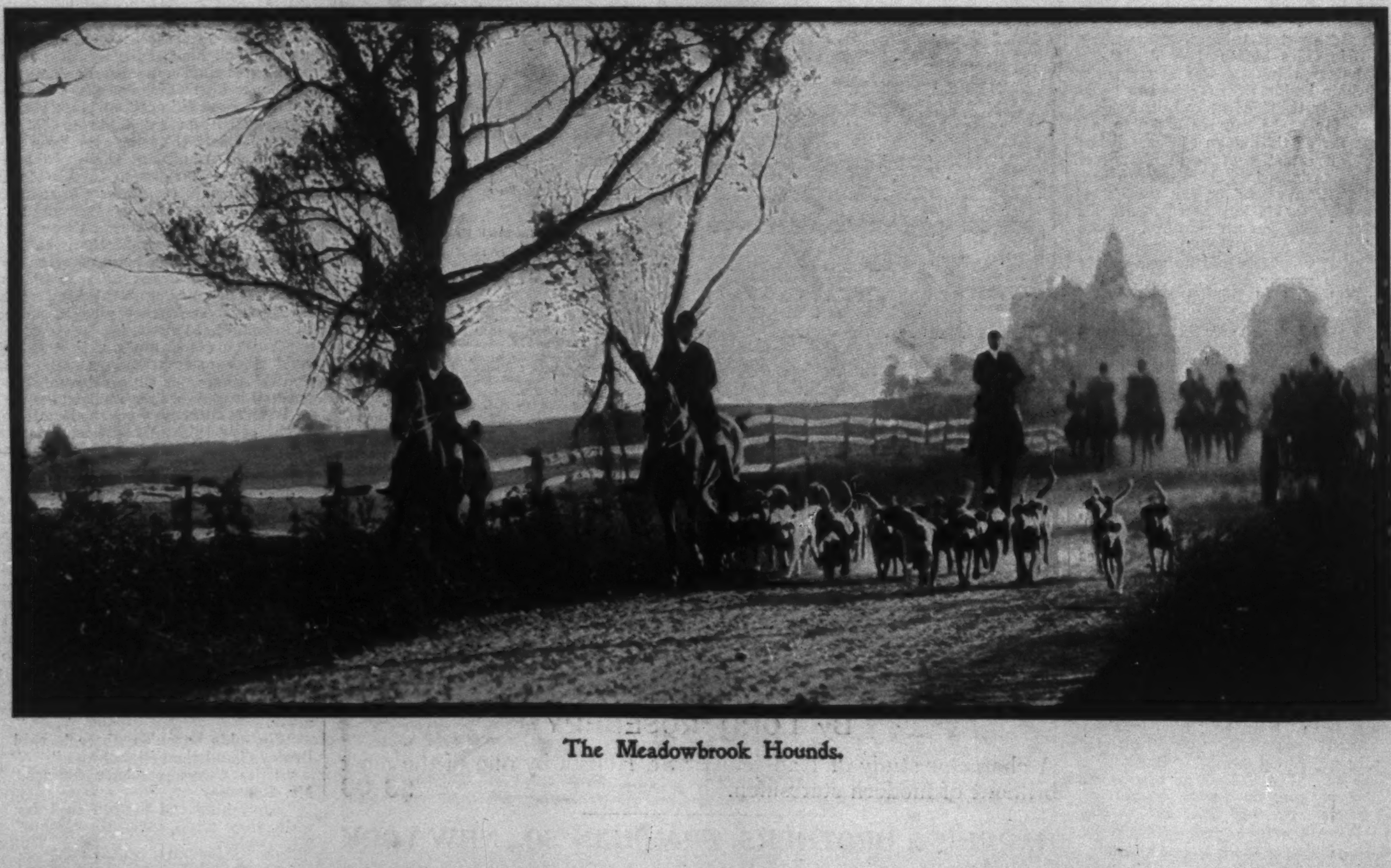
FOX-HUNTING is a very old sport in America. Whenever a new colony got secure enough not to be hunted by Indians, or to do hunting for the mere value of the food obtained, the wily fox soon became an object of the chase. And it has continued to the present time, even in New England, where the game is pursued by very intelligent but not very fleet hounds and finally shot by one of the hunters. In Pennsylvania, in Virginia, in Kentucky, in Tennessee, and several other parts of the South fox-hunting is a well-established sport. But in none of these places does it resemble in a very intimate way the English fox-hunting where the hunters ride to hounds—that is, after and in sight of the hounds till the fox be caught and killed. In the distinctively American fox-hunting the dogs are for most of the time out of sight, and the riders follow along roads and paths, being guided by the tongues rather than the sight of the hounds. This is easy to do, as the American hound has more tongue than his English cousin, an American couple being able to make as much music as the regulation twenty-two couples of an English pack.

Riding to hounds with a fox as the quarry is not commoner in this country on account of the extensiveness of the cover that our large and numerous woodlands afford. It may be also that our national impatience has something to do with the fact that following a drag is more popular than taking the chance of a run by compelling a fox to break cover. With the drag the riders are absolutely sure of a run every time they go out, for there is no uncertainty about it whatever. In real fox-hunting there are many elements of chance, and even in England a run straight away of five or six miles is so uncommon that if it be obtained once in a fortnight they feel that they are having very good sport. In England the covers are so small and so placed that they may be said to be artificial, and as the earths are all closed at night while the foxes are feeding, it seems reasonable to expect a good run whenever the hounds go out. Even there, however, it is not the case; here it would be much less so. Therefore the drag has been adopted by some hunt clubs to provide rapid and certain sport for those impatient spirits who prefer riding to anything else.

We have borrowed drag-hunting from England just as we borrowed fox-hunting. And we have modified it somewhat just as we have changed the fox-hunting itself. In England the drag-hunt was invented by cavalrymen stationed in sections where there was not proper cover for foxes. It is recognized there as a very proper form of sport in its place, though the Duke of Beaufort, in his Badminton Library, does not mention it with entire approval. He says, however, that it "is at least as good a sport as hunting the carted deer, and for the most part much better fun." Strictly speaking, as we practise it in America, following the drag-hounds is not hunting at all, but a prolonged steeplechase, the hounds marking the course for the horsemen, the course being previously marked for the hounds or pack by the men who laid the scent under the general direction of the master of the fox-hounds. The sport, however, needs no apology. It has been ridiculed by newspaper men who knew nothing of it, but every genuine sportsman who has ever been out with the Meadowbrook hounds knows that it is quite worthy of respect.

For this kind of sport the part of Long Island hunted by the Meadowbrook pack is unsurpassed. The soil, until the hard weather of December, gives admirable footing for horses, and in spring there is sure to be six weeks of hunting, practically unknown in other parts of the country. Then, again, the farmers and other landowners in the Meadowbrook bailiwick are on most excellent terms with the club. The land-owners have been treated with consideration and paid promptly for any damage done to their crops or fences. Then, again, they are quite aware that the hunting has brought so many people of wealth to that section of Long Island that the land is now worth three or four times what it was twenty years ago. They look upon this "unearned increment" with complacent satisfaction, and are not disposed to quarrel with those who brought it about. Nevertheless, they need to be handled with tact, and always treated with above-the-board frankness. Men follow the course run over by the Meadowbrook hounds and repair the damage so far as they can by mending broken fences and pay for that which cannot be repaired. In this way the good relations are preserved, and the things represented in the comic papers, such as a farmer with a pitchfork putting a whole field of hunters to rout, are really never heard of.

A run on Long Island will usually be about eight miles, and will take something like thirty minutes. The hounds are very fast, and if they were not interfered with by the frequent fences through which they have to scramble it would take a very fast horse under a light weight to keep up. As it is, however, the runs are very fast, and none but good horses have any business with these runs. Most of the hunters are thoroughbreds or nearly so, some of them being brought from Ireland, and some bred with a strain of American trotting blood. This cross assists in making the ideal hunter, but as some strains of the American trotter trace back to a nearly thoroughbred ancestry, these hunters are not much colder than the horses in training on the turf. The jumps are chiefly stiff timber, so the sport is not just as it is in other places where there are generally stone walls, banks, and ditches. An Englishman will not be inclined to say that the going is faster than is common in his country, but such, however, is the fact. It is also so different that horses should be especially trained for it. An Irish hunter trained before being brought here would be of no service. But it pays to train a good horse for Long Island hunting. In England a hunter's legs are lucky if they last three to five seasons. Because of the easy landing usual on Long Island a hunter's legs will last as long as his age permits him to be fast enough to go the pace, and it is never surprising to see a man well mounted on a horse that is close to the voting age! Indeed, the horses that gallop with the Meadowbrook hounds are a rarely good lot, and there are not a few which would be dangerous in the steeplechases with the riders wearing silk.



The Meadowbrook Hounds.

The hounds used to hunt the drag are imported from England, but it is not common to use as many as twenty-two couples. On Long Island six, eight, or ten couples are much more usual. They are not always driven from the kennels to the meet along the road by the huntsman and whippers-in, as is the English practice, but in warm or wet weather are taken to the starting-place in a van. When they are ready to start they are as fresh as possible and able to go the great clip that is expected of them. These English hounds are selected from unentered yearlings on the other side, and are chosen for what seems to be individual excellence and particular fitness for the work to be done rather than for that shapeliness of conformation which breeders very justly esteem quite highly. An English huntsman selects his puppy entry entirely "on the flags," *i. e.*, upon conformation as it appears upon examination as the hound stands on the floor of the kennels. If he gets the twenty best-looking hounds, I, who take the next twenty best-looking, may in fact get the best field hounds of all. In America it is "handsome is as handsome does." We never select for conformation, but always for field qualities—nose, tongue, endurance, brains, and so on. This would not by any means, however, be a good method of selection if breeding were intended. Then every excellence must be taken into consideration, and conformation never be underrated.

Drag-hunting is not all that is done in Long Island, however. Three days a week are given to it, and three to real hunting. For real hunting a pack of American hounds is used. These are admirable hounds—intelligent, strong, and persistent, and in many regards quite superior to the English type. They come from Virginia, Kentucky, and Tennessee, and also from Pennsylvania. For the hunting under discussion it is not improbable that the Pennsylvania dogs are the best. Nor is it improbable that a cross between the American and the English types would not in a little while produce an animal that would be superior to either. For drag-hunting, however, it is likely that the English hounds on account of their handiness and beauty will continue to be used.

Whenever a new writer with more zeal than knowledge has something to say in a newspaper of drag-hunting he is pretty sure to speak of the "wily anise-seed bag," or use some other such expression which he thinks so technical that his employment of it approves him a genuine sportsman. The "anise-seed bag" or bag of anise-seed is supposed by those unacquainted with drag-hunting to be used to lay the scent which the hounds will follow. Anise-seed will lay a scent that hounds will follow, and men too, for that matter, for it is so strong that it attacks the olfactories even of a man on horseback. There are other scents much to be preferred. Some use castor or other oil. A rag is saturated with oil, fastened to the end of a stick, and dragged along the course which it is proposed to follow. If the meet is to be at eleven in the morning the scent is laid two and a half hours earlier, the dragman walking and jogging briskly. At the end he has usually had three hours before the hounds could catch him. Sometimes also the "litter" of a fox is used to make the scent. Probably, however, one or the other of the purely artificial scents is to be preferred. At the end of the run the hounds are given "worry" as reward for their work in the chase. There is no idea of cheating them with the impression that they had really been hunting and had made a kill. Indeed, many drag-hounds, while having the hunting instinct, have never hunted foxes. They are like race-horses, and the instinct of each is to beat the others. The "worry" is a reward at the end of the run.

The number of those who follow the Meadowbrook hounds varies. I should say that usually there were from fifteen to twenty-five out. But the field is sometimes very much larger and again smaller. Not many women follow the drag-hounds. The pace is too fast for any except those who are admirably mounted, and take the sport with such seriousness that they keep always in condition for it. There are few women who do this, few who are willing to do it.

It is often asked, what is the good of this sport? It would require an essay or even a book to tell all of the good. It serves the same purpose that every other sport does which takes men and women into the open air, which makes them alert and courageous, which builds up strong bodies to hold healthy minds. And then it is great fun. That would be excuse enough if there were no other; but there are hundreds of others. When the time comes that men no longer care for such sports, or even when they are willing to give up this particular sport, then may we look with much apprehension towards a future filled with male Miss Nancys and other Molly Coddles, upon whom even petticoats would be too masculine.

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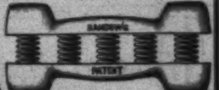

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FINANCE
BY A. K. FISKE

ALTHOUGH the result of the Presidential election was supposed to have been largely discounted in Wall Street, that fact did not prevent a remarkable spring into activity the day after the result was known. In fact, there had been no lack of confidence for weeks beforehand that McKinley would be re-elected and his party retained in power, and the stock-market had been gaining in strength and activity, and prices were by no means under a depression as they were before the election of 1896. The general level was, in the opinion of many, quite as high as the real value of stocks justified. But still it was certain that there would be a jump in case of a decisive victory, and long-headed operators quietly gathered in the floating securities most likely to be affected and awaited the event. Some prominent brokers established uptown headquarters, and opened communication with London to take advantage of the earlier opening of the market there on account of the difference of time.

The general result of the voting was definitely known before midnight, and in the early morning hours there was lively operating between London and New York. When the Stock Exchange opened here at ten o'clock the floor was crowded with members and the galleries with visitors, and when the president's gavel fell bedlam broke loose. The offering and bidding and the passing of memoranda of sales were too lively for an accurate record of transactions, and many went unrecorded. The day's sales aggregated nearly two million shares, and broke the record of the Exchange, and there was a general advance of prices, but not a large or uniform one. There was considerable selling on foreign account, and the net result will doubtless be some further transfer of investments from the other side of the ocean to this.

The operations were largely speculative, however, and the next day there was some reaction in consequence of pressure to gather in profits by selling at the advanced prices. The market became irregular, and settled down to a steadier pace after the first spasm of excitement. The prominence of some of the standard railroad stocks in these operations indicated that to some extent the public had been drawn in to buy for investment. The public is always lured to buy on a rising market and to sell on a falling one, thus giving the professional element its main chance to profit going and coming. The better industrial stocks also developed considerable strength, and in both lines a higher level of prices was sustained by an expectation of better business for manufacturing concerns and transportation companies. It was all the effect of hope and reassured confidence, and may or may not be justified by events, though there is little question that the election dispelled doubts which had been weighing upon the energies of the industrial and financial world.

There were signs of improved business before the election in the iron and steel industries, and cautious efforts were made to improve prices, but enterprise generally held back its orders to await political results. No doubt seems to be felt that there will now be a speedy adjustment to more favorable conditions, and that a fresh impulse will be given to business in many lines. It is certain that the assurance that the money standard is in no danger of being tampered with and that the foundations of credit are safe will have a salutary effect, but there will be no "boom," and the prospect is all the better for that. A period of speculation and expansion of credit in new undertakings would be a misfortune, and happily there is no sign of it, notwithstanding the jubilant yells of Stock Exchange on the passing of the Bryan cloud. We went through that stage a year ago, and have been fortunate enough to have only a mild and prolonged reaction, which was helped by the political campaign. There is little danger that the strain will be repeated in a more intense form. There is more likelihood that things will settle down to a steadier gait and a safer pace, giving assurance of less exuberant but more prolonged prosperity.

Foreign money centres felt somewhat the effect of the election, especially in the stock operations, and took advantage of the occasion to profit by the rising prices. Money is comparatively easy in London; the Bank of England maintains its discount rate at 4 per cent., and has strengthened its reserve, which is nearly back to 45 per cent. of the liabilities. At Berlin there is a decidedly easier feeling, and money rates are lower than for some time past. There has been for months in Germany an uneasy condition of reaction from the stimulus of last year's overdoing.